

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## FRENCH AND ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

TRIPPING gently, tripping lightly,  
Little foot that wakes no sound ;  
Glancing keenly, glancing brightly,  
On each dear-loved object round.

Figure slender, jetty tresses,  
Fillets might be proud to bind ;  
Eye that sparkles, and expresses  
All the active, joyous mind.

Pleased with life, and ever smiling,  
Cheerful star 'mid sorrow's night,  
From her bosom care exiling,  
Mere existence a delight.

With no deep thoughts spirit-laden,  
Yet most rich in fancy's fire ;  
Such is Gallia's light-souled Maiden ;  
Stint not praises—love, admire.

Saxon Beauty ! on my dreaming,  
Pensive, radiant vision, rise !  
Moving proudly, yet still seeming  
Mild of mien, with love-soft eyes.

There she leans—faint-blushing roses,  
Softest hues from morning caught,  
Tint her cheek, where calm reposes ;  
Smoothe that brow—the throne of thought.

Plainly classic, richly shining,  
Back is drawn the dark-brown hair ;  
As the moon, with silver lining,  
Makes at eve fair clouds more fair ;

So the soul doth fling more brightness  
On the form already bright ;  
Beauty graceful in its lightness,  
Winning, growing on the sight.

With the statue's fine ideal,  
Carved by matchless Grecian skill,  
She doth mingle all the real,  
Warmer, but as perfect still.

Blue as azure heaven above her,  
Looking virtue, shine her eyes,  
Spirit's home ; who would not love her,  
And that English Beauty prize ?

Truth, affection, and deep feeling,  
Nestle, dovelike, in her breast ;  
Guardian angels, round her stealing,  
Watch her, guide her, make her blest !

—Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE CHANNEL FLEET IN THE GALE.

THEY were sailing up the channel,  
And were standing in for shore,  
When they saw the heavens darken,  
And they heard the thunder roar.  
Then the tempest burst upon them,  
And the land was on their lee ;  
But they formed in line of battle,  
And went grandly out to sea !

Through the beating of the surges,  
Through the wind and foam and spray,  
On they dashed, to meet the billows,  
Like wild hunters to their prey.  
Only once their speed they slackened—  
Long remembered shall it be,

How they stopped to save a sailor,  
Who had fall'n into the sea !

Let the timid seek a harbor—  
But it suits our old Norse race,  
When we see a danger coming,  
Just to meet it in the face.  
So they sped to meet the tempest,  
Wild and fierce as it might be—  
So they sped to meet the tempest,  
In its home upon the sea !

Ah ! our sailors still are throbbing  
With the courage that, of yore,  
Drove away the great Armada  
From our unpolluted shore—  
With the spirit of our Nelson,  
When he chased the French afar,  
Till his post-signal fluttered  
In the wind at Trafalgar !

Rough and ruthless was that tempest ;  
Many among us mourn the day ;  
But, with pride for dear Old England,  
We will wipe our tears away.  
Be it storm, or be it foeman,  
Very tranquil we may be  
When our fleet, in line of battle,  
Meets a danger on the sea.

—Ladies' Companion.

## FOOTSTEPS.

BY FREDERICK ENOCH.

THE sunshine tapestries the way  
With shadow green and thread of gold,  
And, musing in the bright, still ray,  
My thoughts are as of old.

There is no shadow in the air,  
And not a breeze—and, as I wait,  
My hope half cheats my heart, that there  
Are footsteps at the gate ;

Dear footsteps that shall come and pace  
The old worn garden-walk again,  
To hear them and to see her face  
I wait—and is it vain ?

A long, strange road must reach those feet,  
So near and yet so far between ;  
I tremble, though I yearn, to greet  
The known in the unseen.

The twilight falls along the land,  
And bright a mimic world is roll'd  
In yonder sky, of main, and strand,  
And crag, and castle old ;

While as the purple shines along  
The pathway of the star, those feet  
Tread all the ways of life, and through  
My heart with musings sweet ;

Sweet in that solitude that hears  
A footstep from the aching past,  
That tells of pilgrimage and tears,  
And perfect life at last.

Who has not heard those steps again,—  
Nor known the solace they impart,—  
Which, when the ear may wait in vain,  
Still echo on the heart ?

—Bentley's Miscellany.

From The Saturday Review.

### FOOLS.

It was part of the wisdom of the apostle to suffer fools gladly. Scarcely any thing can be more wise, and scarcely any thing more difficult. In every department of life and in every undertaking that deserves to be called great, the cry is raised that improvement is hindered and progress stopped by the deadly influence of fools. The best people, therefore—those who have the good of their kind most at heart—are most inclined to do any thing rather than suffer fools gladly. The fools are, on the contrary, their most hated and hateful enemies, who will not let them do the good they long to do in their lives. Speculative men are also generally in love with their own theories, and are apt to express a strong contempt for the owls who are too blind to see their theories in the same light in which they are regarded by their authors. But tacitly the common mass of mankind is excluded from these censures. A feeling of pity and a respect for misfortune prevents even a hasty man from calling the poor fools. They have not had sufficient advantages to be responsible for their folly. The fools who meet with reproach are those whom the wise man wants to work through or with, and who will not do as he wishes. No one can deny that this refusal is often exceedingly provoking, and there is no doubt that much of the misery of the world is owing to the fact that a very large portion of those endowed with power and influence are either born incapable of thought, or have allowed the capacity to lie so long dormant that practically it does not exist. That things are arranged in the best possible way is palpably untrue, and if we were at liberty to wish, we could wish for nothing better than that folly should disappear. But as things go, it may plausibly be contended that the special kind of fools to whom we are referring—those, namely, whom the wise expect to act directly on, and to bring to their way of thinking at once—are of considerable service, and play a very important and even salutary part in the affairs of the world. If their censurers would consider how this may be the case, it would make them a little more inclined to suffer gladly these objects of their aversion.

We must, however, state a little more precisely in what sense we use the word "fools." A man may be stupid and impenetrable to argument, and yet, in some ways, be very wise. He may be honest, diligent, a kind friend, a good husband and father. It is part of wisdom to exercise the common virtues of common life. A man may also have shrewdness in his own particular business, although he be as deaf as a post to all

suggestions and reasonings that do not deal with what is perfectly familiar to him. A farmer may be a capital judge of a cow, although he cannot be brought to understand the advantages of deep draining. By fools, we merely mean those who have little power of embracing new ideas, and who occupy themselves with comparative trifles as if they were matters of the highest interest. By wise men, we merely mean those whose minds are open to reasoning, and who have a just sense of the relative value of things. Wise men, in this sense, are often foolish in many points of conduct, and even in this sense there is not often any very marked interval between the wisest and those who are next to them in wisdom. The persons who, in novels and meditative essays, are called sages are either entirely mythical, or occur at rare intervals in the history of mankind. Ordinarily, the wise are not sharply contrasted with the whole of their generation. But without raising individuals to an unreal and invidious elevation, we all feel perfectly justified in saying that some men are wise and others foolish. In political economy, for instance, we may venture to say that Mr. Mill is wise and that the usual Protectionist squire is a fool. In law, we may say that Lord Campbell is wise and that the county-court judge who sentenced a rich aunt to pay her nephew's debts is a fool. In theological knowledge and sense, there is a distinct interval of wisdom and folly between the archbishop of Dublin and the ranting Irish preacher who spends his life in damning the Lady of Babylon. This is the folly and wisdom of which we are speaking. In itself the folly is a bad thing. It is great pity that short-sighted views of self-interest should affect legislation, that judges should make ridiculous mistakes, and that clergymen should work themselves up into a frenzy of theological hatred. But when the whole subject is looked at broadly, it will appear desirable that this sort of folly should occupy positions of considerable importance.

Perhaps no kind of folly is more severely censured by any set of persons than the folly of the country clergy is censured by clever persons living in towns. The country clergy are said to be obtuse—as indifferent to theology as they are ignorant of it, wrapped up in small squabbles which dissenters, intent on their corn and hay, their garden and pigs, not on the things of the next world, sunk in the most unimaginative Toryism, and prone to deliver on Sundays *such* sermons, so old, so dry, and so dead. There is truth in all this. The country clergy are not bright. They are mostly poor and mostly married. They think, like other men, how they shall make ends meet at the end of the year; and

it is of much more importance to them to get on comfortably in their parish than to study modern literature or to vex themselves with problems of divinity. How could we expect them to be different? Every great institution must be worked practically by very inferior men, and the Church has not got so many prizes to offer to so large a body as her clergy that we have any right to look for an exception in her case. But we may go further than this. These foolish clergy are placed over others more foolish than themselves, and these unthinking men transmit thought. The country clergy, as a body, are superior to the country farmers. Therefore they act, we may be sure, on the minds of the farmers. If they were too superior to those about them, there would not be sufficient community between them and their flocks to be able to pass on to them any germs of thought. When two men think, so far as they think at all, almost exactly alike, but there is still a superiority of thought in one of them, however slight it may be, it is every thing to get hold of this man in order to approach his neighbor. The clergyman believes almost exactly what the farmer believes, cares for that which the farmer takes interest in, and rarely meddles with thoughts or subjects quite out of the farmer's line. But there is one little speck in his mind that is more enlightened. He is just able to understand the meaning of a brother clergyman slightly more able than himself. He thus takes into his mind faint germs of truth and knowledge, and in a faint way, with many errors and much feebleness and uncertainty, he passes on to the farmer a portion of the thought he has received. We may see exactly the same thing in the larger sphere of the relations of Christianity to heathendom. Missionary records abound with much that is silly and shortsighted and ineffectual. Many of the operations of the most zealous seem of very questionable utility, and guided by very hazy notions of right and wrong. But the zeal and the folly go together. The absence of thought prevents the Christian from seeing half of the difficulties that beset his ministry, and it is precisely because his mind is not too fine-set that he perseveres. There is not too great an interval between him and the objects of his ministrations. He is a kind of buffer between the thoughtful Christian and the untaught heathen. And when we have made up our minds to accept fools as part of the great scheme for the transmission of thought, we have at least the advantage of regarding our existence with a little more complacency. Not that wisdom is less precious, or that every practicable advance towards it is not a great gain. It is much better to have the

country clergy of England than the peasant priests of France and Belgium; for so long as the clergy and their flocks are in some sort of harmony of thought, the gain of having the clergy distinctly superior is incontestable. But we suffer the country clergy much more gladly if we regard them as necessary parts of a great scheme, and see that, if they were much better, they would not be so fit for their place.

The same consideration presents itself under a thousand shapes in the sphere of secular government. A sanitary reformer, for example, wishes to see his plan for the health of his countrymen carried out. He is immediately checked by the pigheadedness of every one about him. One man says that no one shall touch his property, another says he likes dirt, a third insists that dirt is very warm and comfortable. If he can get any friends to join with him, he has the greatest difficulty in coming to a common understanding with them as to the means to be adopted. If he gets a little money voted, he sees it jobbed away. All this is very disheartening. But he must remember that his ultimate object is to make the poor, who have no sanitary notions at all, voluntarily adopt sanitary practices, which they must carry out daily and every hour of the day. He and they stand at the opposite ends of a very long line. How is he to communicate with them? The only way is to communicate with them through the intervening fools whose folly he so bitterly resents. He must first get those who are much above the poor to adopt, in a very imperfect way, some very imperfect sanitary reforms; and he must expect to see them do this under a strong protest and in a very erroneous way. If he can save a little money from jobbery, he has got a step forward. He has set the great fool machinery in motion; and when it is once set in motion, the continuance of the movement and its rate will entirely depend on the supply of force that comes from the central spring. If there is real, well-directed activity of thought in those who, however remotely, set others thinking, the progress of thought is a certainty. Thought is ineffectual only when its authors are prematurely crushed out, or when they retire in despair from working the machinery of gradually weaker minds, through which their thought must pass.

There is one way of avoiding the necessity of suffering fools, and that is, not to suffer them at all. This is the principle on which are founded all theories of benevolent and paternal despotism. The mass of mankind are not only fools, but irreclaimable fools, and those who differ from the mass are very few indeed. If these few can but get phys-



ical force into their hands, they can make the fools get all the benefit of thought without going through the painful process of learning to think. All free government, on the contrary, depends on employing the gradation of fools. There are great practical difficulties in the way of each method of governing. A paternal despotism is beset by the embarrassing problem, how the best of paternal despots are to be first discovered, and then maintained in power. A free government finds it hard to prevent the wrong end of the chain of fools coming sometimes to the top. But the real point of comparison is not in the degree of success with which they accomplish their respective ends, but in the scope of their operation. For the superiority of free government lies not only in the results, but in the method. It does not merely give fools what they wish, but it gives it them in a way that lessens their folly. Suffering fools is the basis of all constitutional government, and it is the secret of all the expansive power of Protestantism. A system of ecclesiastical government may make use of blind instruments, but the mode in which Protestantism works is by the action of religious thought on minds of every degree of power and cultivation. Its progress must therefore be accompanied by end-

less manifestations of folly. But this folly is graduated. Whenever religious thought is active, sincere, and vigorous, its force runs down the line, and raises each link in the chain a point. Freemen and Protestants are bound to suffer fools as gladly as they can, and the recognition of the general duty makes it easier to be tolerant in particular cases. No folly, for instance, can be more annoying, because none is more obtrusive, than the folly of religious parties. People of sense abstain from discussing contested points in the presence of strangers; but a hot-headed partisan will get into a railway carriage occupied by persons unknown to him, and straightway begin to abuse the Jesuits or the Protestant Dissenters. It is a comfort to shut one's eyes and hold one's tongue, and to reflect that this little outpouring is but the vent of necessary folly; that party spirit accompanies interest in religion; and that the most fiery partisans are really without their knowledge open to the control of those who, from a remote centre and through a hidden and tortuous channel, are continually filtering some imperceptible grains of sense into their foolish minds, and making them aid in awakening minds still more foolish than their own.

**HOW CRINOLINE BENEFITS TRADE.**—It is a singular fact, and one which illustrates the dependence of trades of almost every kind upon the eccentricities of the devotees of fashion, that since the extensive use of crinoline in England the wireworkers of this kingdom have been exceedingly busy, and are at this moment obtaining very high wages! The wearers of crinoline, from the amplitude of their costume and the consequent difficulty of calculating distances, are more exposed in their home to danger from fire than are those other ladies whose dresses project little beyond the limits assigned by nature to their fair forms. Hence the necessity for extra precaution in the shape of wire fire-guards—hence the pressure on the wire trade—hence the high rate of wages referred to. It is satisfactory to observe, too, that an impulse has been given to art as well as to labor in the matter of fire-guards. All remember the primitive nature

of those articles as hitherto used in nurseries, etc., but now that they are required for the protection of "grown-up children," and have to figure "before company," it has been found desirable to vary their forms, materials, and prices; and to impart "style" and taste into their construction. They are at present used in West-End drawing-rooms, as well as in humbler parlors, and must be made consonant, therefore, with the neighboring furniture, the fittings of the refracting and ornamental stoves, and the richly ornamented fenders. If this were not so they would be pronounced "de-ci-ded-ly vul-gar," and, despite their preservative value during the mazy dance, a "horrid baw." We have seen some elegant specimens of modern fire-guards, and we know that several firms in London are overburdened with orders for them, "to be supplied immediately and regardless of cost." Well may the workers referred to rejoice in the prevalent fashion, and loudly exclaim, "Vivat crinoline!"—*Mechanic's Magazine*.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

# THE CZAR AND THE SCEPTIC.

It was in 1829. Government despatches affirmed that Diebitsch's army had achieved a great success, and that Silistria was in their hands.

But official news is not always implicitly believed when and where unofficial newsmongers are gagged.

"Holy Russia forever! the troops are in Silistria."

"Before it, Batushka, you mean to say."

"Before it! inside it: I say what I mean."

"Inside it! outside it: under correction still."

"Correction you may well say; I repeat it, inside."

"And, I repeat it, out."

"I have seen the despatch."

"What, the government version?"

"The government, to be sure."

"Nothing less sure, I assure you."

"What? less sure than the government story."

"All stories may be told two ways."

"But one way is true, the other false."

"Precisely, and I mistrust the latter."

"But the real truth is, the troops are in."

"The real truth is, the troops are out."

"In, I say."

"Out, I say."

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

In private saloons, in clubs, in cafés, at table-d'hôtes, on change, and on the Perspective-Nevskoi might such wranglings have been heard. In the Gastinnoi-Dvor, and in the vodka shops, there was more unanimity; the "blackpeople's" wish was less doubtfully father to their thought; with their unquestioning as well as unquestionable patriotic prejudice, Holy Russia must have won, and Diebitsch must, for certain, be holding Silistria for the Gossudar, for our lord the czar.

There was a French gentleman, Monsieur De la Jobardière, shall I call him? whose mistrust of official bulletins had, perhaps not unreasonably, grown with his growth. *Russian Invalids, Northern Bees*, or whatever may have been, in 1829, the accredited organs of the imperial government, were to his mind so many miserable imitations of his native *Moniteur*, the feebleness of whose inventions, however, as compared with those of that great Gallic organ of mendacity, consisted not in the absence of mendaciousness. Monsieur De la Jobardière was, himself, very much spilt, "*très répandu*" in certain social circles of St. Petersburg, to borrow an image from his own vernacular; and thus it came to pass, that being gifted, as is not unusual amongst his fellow-countrymen, with

a considerable flow of words, he was enabled to spill the ink of denegation far and wide upon the spotless page of these same disputed government despatches.

"Hold it to yourself for said, my good friends," he would insist; "your government wishes to throw you the powder in the eyes. It is one '*canard*,' one duck; how you say? this great news of Silistria. That poor sir of a Diebitsch, he kick his heel, what? outside still; and the Turk be safe and snug inside as one rat in a cheese, eh?"

Now, De la Jobardière had his entries in "saloons diplomatic," as he would himself have said; and was altogether a man who, chatterbox as he was, might yet be supposed to have access to certain channels of authentic information, at which the vulgar of St. Petersburg might not easily slake their thirst for information. His constant and confident affirmations of the falsehood of the victorious intelligence were not without a certain effect within the radius of his own social "effusion," and perhaps beyond it.

Monsieur De la Jobardière was a precise and somewhat ornate dresser; he was a chilly personage, in spite or because of his longish residence in the northern capital; he was also somewhat of a gastronome, particular as to the quality and regularity of his meals; he was, moreover, a sound sleeper.

So sound, indeed, that the heavy boot-tread of the feldjager, that hybrid between a police-officer and a government courier, failed to break his slumbers on a certain night; nor was he roused from them until that functionary's rude hand had shaken his shoulder for a third time. Thereupon he started up to a sitting posture and unclosed his eyes, which closed again with sudden blink, at the glare of the lantern, which the feldjager's other hand almost thrust into his face.

"Look sharp, sir!" said that official, "and come along."

"Come along, indeed! You are pleasuring, my good fellow," quoth the sleepy Frenchman.

"Well, then, if you wont," retorted the ruthless invader of his slumbers, "my orders are positive," and he transferred his paw from the shoulder to the throat-band of Monsieur De la Jobardière's nightdress.

"*Laissez donc, grand brutal*," exclaimed that worthy; "let me at least get on my pantaloons," and he inserted his feet into the slippers by the bedside.

But, by "fatality," as he always said, "my cossack of a domestic, Ivan Petrovitch, had assisted at my dishabille, and had taken my clothes out with him to brush before I should rise 'of great morning' the next day."

"Let me ring my domestic, at least?" he inquired of the stolid feldjager.

"Ring bells and resist authorities?" he growled: "Come, come, sir, none of that."

And again his rough, red, hairy paw, was busy in proximity with the white throat of the finicking Frenchman.

"Quick, march! and not a word, or—"

"But it is unheard of, it is an infamy, a barbarism, an indecency!"

The scowl darkened upon the feldjager's unprepossessing countenance; it was more than evident that expostulation and entreaty were alike in vain.

"Happily that I lose not my presence of mind in this terrible crisis, and draping myself hastily in the sheets and blanket, and eider-down quilt, I yield to destiny and follow that *coquin* of a feldjager down-stairs, gentlemen; my faith! yes, down-stairs to the *porte-cochère*. There what find we? A telega, kibitka, tarantass, what do I know? Some carriage of misfortune at the door, with its own door open, eh?"

It was even so. The night was very dark and foggy; the rays from the carriage lamps added to the gleam of the feldjager's lantern gave but a dim light after all; but such as it was, its scintillations were reflected from the steel scabbards, spurs, and horsebits of a mounted cossack on either side; and dark amidst the darkness, the open carriage door yawned after the fashion of a tomb.

"Oh! by example," once more did De la Jobardière attempt to remonstrate, turning round, "here is what is a little strong. Do you figure yourself that I—"

He had one foot upon the carriage steps already, and one hand on the handle by the doorway; a muscular grip seized his other elbow. In an instant he was hoisted and pushed forward in, and the tail of the quilt was bunched in after him; and he felt that some one had vaulted on the front seat outside.

"Houpp la!" cried a hoarse voice; and three cracks of whips like pistol-shots made answer; and with a bound and a plunge the carriage darted onwards. He could hear the splashing gallop, through the slush and mud, of the mounted trooper, on the right hand and on the left.

"I try the windows, on this side, on that, in front, and I am quits of it for my pain. No means! I scream, I howl, I cry, I threaten that pig of feldjager that must hear in front. 'The Embassy French shall have reason of this outrage! When I tell you there that I am not one of your nationals, but a Frrrench! Hear you? A Frrrench! Animal that you are! Imbecile of a Cossack, go! A Frrrench, then, I tell you, eh? Useless!—I pass to entreaty. Hear there,

Ivan, Stephen, Nicholas, Sergius! My corporal, my serjeant, my lieutenant of police! Here is one billet of bank, that is to say, not here but there: in the pocket of that pantaloons, at home on the Morskaja, you comprehend. A billet of twenty-five roubles: of fifty: of a hundred, say, how?"

"Again useless. Not a word; not a sign; he makes the deaf ear, that 'polisson de la police' outside.

"It is stronger than me. I am transported again of rage, of despair. I strike of the fist, of the foot, of the head at last against the panels of that carriage atrocious. Derision! My efforts deseperating abut to nothing. That minion of a despotism brutal mocks himself well of this agony. I have disarranged my drapery: and currents of air from the underneath of doors give my legs trances of cold.

"There is no remedy. I envelop myself once more of my eider-down, and resign myself to my destiny. I comprehend at last; all is lost for me. I see the Boulevards and the Champs-Élysées no more. 'Adieu Belle France': I share the fate of the prisoners of the Moskowa, the destiny ingrate of the Olds of the Old. No means now to mistake one's self: I am in route for the Siberia. Unhappy that I am! If at least I could have come in pantaloons!"

Even those that have travelled them under more auspicious circumstances than the luckless De la Jobardière have borne witness to the terrible condition of the Russian roads between late autumn and early winter. Bolt and bump, and thump and crash, swinging to this side, and swaying to that: with one wheel churning the liquid mud in a rut as deep as to the felloe, and the other apparently revolving in the empty air like the windward paddlewheel of a sea-going steam-packet in the trough of a rolling wave. Then a pitch and toss, fairly up and down, stem and stern, as if over a chopping sea, but petrified. Endless were the miseries endured by the victim inside the closed carriage, on cushions of which the hardness did not fail to make itself felt even through such folds of the eider-down as could be spared from the protection of the lower limbs from the penknife-like currents of air which came through the door chinks. How the feldjager kept his hard perch outside was a marvel to the man in his custody.

"They must have strapped him with a leather, or corded him to the bench for sure, that detestable Cossack," thought De la Jobardière when he could spare a thought from his own deplorable condition. How long this voyage lasted he was never able to calculate. He lost all account of days in his excitement of agony and of despair.

The same chinks which let in the aerial currents did indeed tell sometimes of diurnal revolutions; for at one time they could be seen to admit some light-giving rays, at another time only felt, thanks to those keen draughts which they admitted. There were no stoppages, except such momentary delays, fabulous in the shortness of their duration, as were necessary for the busy fingers of experienced post-boys to harness the horses, which were always to be heard neighing and snorting in readiness as they dashed up to the relays.

There was a sort of little trap or window, unglazed however, in the front panel of the carriage, through which the red and hirsute paw put in a ration of brown biscuit together with a little flask of vodka, and a mug of water now and then.

"Un affreux brûle gueule que ce vodka, messieurs, one terrible burn-throat worse as the 'wiski' of the old Ireland, eh? Sometimes, of night too, for it make a black of wolf, 'un noir de loup,' as we say in France, he just open, half open, the carriage door, this Cossack, and put in one bowl of 'stchi,' with a spoon. Do you know what that is, one 'stchi?' A soup to cabbage, but with such seasoning! A ragout of barbarous, I tell you, to make a scullion cry! Well, I so hungry, I eat it, I devour it, I lick the spoon. Imagine you, I, De la Jobardière, who was other times redactor, editor, what you say? of the *Journal of Gormands of Paris*!"

On, and on, and on, through the darkness, mitigated or unmitigated by the kindly admissions of the chinks: on and on, till all reckoning of his time was utterly confused.

But all things have an end on earth here: and at last the carriage came to a dead stand-still, with its half-dead passenger inside.

It was at least as raw and as cold, as foggy and as disagreeable a night as that of the departure from St. Petersburg, when, for the first time, the carriage door was opened wide. Right and left stood a tall figure, indistinct in gray capote, with flat muffin cap to crown it; but the reflected lights ran up the barrel of a burnished musket. In the open doorway of a house, whence a red glow as of a cheerful fire came streaming out, stood another martial figure, in cocked hat, with feathers, and a green uniform with aiguillettes of an aide-de-camp. He raised his hand to the cocked hat in question after the military fashion of salute.

"Deign to descend, monsieur."

"I am then at Tobolsk?"

"Of none, monsieur, to the contrary."

"Where then? at Irkutsk?"

"Still less, monsieur; pray give yourself the trouble to descend."

"I am hardly in that costume," objected De la Jobardière, "for that brutal of a feld-jager—"

"Obeyed, I have no doubt, his orders to the letter; pray, monsieur, descend," insisted the plumed aide-de-camp, with imper-turbable gravity.

"This, then, is at last Siberia?"

"Siberia, monsieur! by no manner of means."

"But where on earth then have I the misfortune to find myself,—excuse me,—the honor to make your distinguished acquaintance?"

"I have the distinguished honor," said the staff-officer, unwilling to be outdone in politeness by the Frenchman, "to receive monsieur at the grand-guard of the headquarters of his imperial majesty's army in Turkey, within the enceinte of the citadel of Silistria."

"Peste!" exclaimed De la Jobardière, "I begin to comprehend."

"Possibly," quoth the aide-de-camp.

"May I once more trouble monsieur to descend!"

This last word was in a tone which admitted of no trifling.

With a mournful consciousness of the ludicrous appearance he presented that almost overpowered the weariness, the anxiety, the indignation which possessed him, De la Jobardière stepped out of his flying prison van, and followed the aide-de-camp into the guard-room. There, by a solid deal table, stood the feldjager, whose snub-nose and scrubby red moustache were henceforth impressed indelibly upon his captive's memory. An officer, whose bearing and appearance would, without the stars and medals upon his breast, have given to the most careless observer indication of high military command, was reading a despatch, apparently just handed to him by that functionary, the envelope of which he had thrown carelessly upon the table.

"A son Exc."

Le Maréchal Dieb—"

was all that, in his confusion, De la Jobardière was able to spell out.

"Monsieur De la Jobardière, I presume," said this officer with a glance of inquiry; but of perfect gravity.

"The same, Monsieur le Maréchal," faltered the owner of the appellation.

"What officer has the grand rounds to-night?" he next inquired, turning towards a group of officers in the background.

"Major Razumofski, of the Orenburg artillery brigade," answered one of their number, with the accustomed salute.

"Is he mounted?"

"And at the door, general."

"Let one of his orderlies dismount, and let Monsieur De la Jobardiére have his horse."

"But consider a little, *maréchal*, this costume—or, I may say, this want of it!"

"Is, no doubt, a regrettable circumstance, sir; but orders, sir, superior orders, excuse me; the grand rounds should be starting—you will be good enough to mount, and to accompany the major."

There was no help for it; that stolid feld-jager was holding the dismounted trooper's nag at the door with unmoved countenance. Upon the less impassible trooper's own Tartar physiognomy, however, was something like a grin. A frown from the feldjager suppressed it, as poor De la Jobardiére scrambled into the saddle, and endeavored to make the best arrangement of the blanket possible, to keep the damp, night air from his bare shins. The quilt he clutched convulsively round him with his right hand, while the left tugged at the bridle of his rough and peppery little Baschkir steed. It has a very wide enciente, that fortress of Silistria; and the major likewise visited several outlying pickets. He rode at a sharp pace from post to post, and the roads, streets, and lanes were execrable.

"Equitation is not my forte, you know, my good friends; and a Tartar trooper's saddle, that is something—oh! to be felt if to be known. It was one long agony, 'that nocturnal ride.' I thought it, at little thing near as long as that desolating journey of jolts to Silistria. Day was beginning to point, as we drew up once more to the guard-room door."

The Frenchman shuddered on perceiving that the carriage with nine horses, harnessed three abreast, stood ready there as they rode up.

"The marshal," said the polite aide-de-camp, his first acquaintance, "bids me to express to monsieur that he is desolated not to have the opportunity of offering to monsieur such poor hospitality as the head-quarters of a captured fortress can afford. But monsieur will understand the importance of taking 'to the foot of the letter,' as his countrymen express it, instructions—superior instructions, he will comprehend. The military code upon such a point is absolute. And I have the honor," with a significant gesture towards the gaping carriage-door, "to wish monsieur a 'bon voyage.'"

Bang! went that odious door again; again was the weight of the clambering feldjager felt to disturb the equilibrium of the carriage for a moment; again did the hoarse voice shout—"houpp la," again did the three

whip-cracks emulate the sharp report of pistol-shots; again a bound, again a plunge; again the carriage darted onwards; and again might be heard through slush and mud the splashing gallop of the mounted trooper right and left.

Why let the tale of De la Jobardiére's misery be twice told? All, all was the same as before. The bumps, the thumps, the bolts, the crashes, the pitching and tossing, the swaying to and fro, the currents of air, the darkness and the struggling rays of light, the bits of brown biscuit, the sips of vodka, the occasional bowls of *stchi*—all were repeated—all, as before, jumbled and confused together in sad and inextricable reminiscence.

But when the carriage stopped again for good, and when its door was once more opened wide, the portico was loftier and the staircase of wider sweep, than at La Jobardiére's own hotel door on the Morskaia. It was night again, and it was again damp and cold and foggy; but a clear illumination rendered unnecessary the lantern of the feld-jager or the glimmer of the carriage lamps. Within the doorway on either side stood in full dress uniform two non-commissioned officers of the famous Preobajenski Grenadiers.

A gentleman in a full-dress cut-away, with black satin tights and silk stockings to correspond, with broad, silver buckles in his shoes, a chain of wide silver links round his neck, a silver key on his left coat-tail, and a straight steel-handled sword by his side, bowed courteously to De la Jobardiére, and begged him to follow him up-stairs.

Treading noiselessly upon velvet-pile carpets, he led the way through a spacious ante-room, into an apartment where all the light was furnished by a lamp with a ground-glass shade, which stood upon a bureau strewn with books and papers, at which a stately figure in undress uniform was writing busily. Although its back were turned, the breadth of loin and shoulder, the length and upright carriage of the back, the powerful but graceful setting upon the neck of the well-formed head, all revealed at once and beyond a doubt to the astonished Frenchman in what presence he stood—"C' état de plus fort en plus fort, voyez vous messieurs. A peine si j'en pouvais plus."

The usher advanced, bowed, spoke a word at the stately figure's ear, bowed again, drew back, and left the room.

The czar wheeled round his chair, half rose, and made a dignified half-bow. Poor De la Jobardiére folded his eider-down around him, and made a profound obeisance.

"Monsieur De la Jobardiére," said that august personage, with just the least suspicion of a smile curling the corners of his



imperial lip, "I am informed that you have recently visited Silistria?"

An obeisance deeper and more dejected.

"Had you there, may I inquire, an opportunity of visiting the citadel and of inspecting the military posts?"

A third obeisance, in the deep a lower depth.

"And you found them in full occupation by our imperial troops? May I request an answer expressed explicitly?"

"I found them so, your majesty."

"Ah! that is well. Not but what I myself have had full confidence in Diebitsch; but people will be so sceptical at times. Would you believe it, there are rumors current that even now in certain *salons* of St. Petersburg, the taking of Silistria is doubted in the teeth of the despatches?"

What could the hapless Frenchman do but bow down once again.

"However, I am glad to have unofficial and independent testimony from an actual eye-witness. You are certain the marshal is in undisputed military possession?"

"I am certain of it, your majesty."

"Thank you, Monsieur De la Jobardière, I will not detain you longer; I wish you a good-evening." And turning round to his desk again his august interlocutor touched a little bell. The usher appeared again, and with the same courteous solemnity of demeanor showed Monsieur De la Jobardière down-stairs.

An aide-de-camp came tripping down just as the Frenchman's foot was on the carriage step.

"Monsieur De la Jobardière," he said, "you are an old enough resident in St. Petersburg to know that there are occasions on which it is wise to be discreet about state affairs. But I have it in command from his imperial majesty to inform you that as you have so recently yourself had occasion to visit Silistria there can be no possible objection to your stating in general society that you found the citadel, the fortress, and the city garrisoned by his imperial majesty's troops."\*

\* The writer of this anecdote refuses to be responsible for its historical exactitude.

MR. K. R. H. MACKENZIE, who is preparing a history of the English Hornbook formerly used in the Dame Schools in England and Scotland, solicits assistance in collecting facts upon this curious and little known subject. He especially desires information as to the date at which these Hornbooks fell into disuse and were replaced by the Primer. Such contributions would be thankfully acknowledged by him, and he promises that any Hornbooks or Battledoors forwarded for examination, either to his own address, 35 Bernard Street, Russell Square, W.C., or to the care of his publishers, Messrs. Trübner and Co., 60 Paternoster Row, or to Mr. Tegg, of 85 Queen Street, Cheapside, will be carefully preserved and duly returned.

It is stated that Lord St. Leonards, whose "Handy Book" has found so many admirers and so many imitators, is preparing another to explain the existing Laws of Marriage and of Settlements.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL have nearly ready "Lyrics and Legends of Rome, with a Prologue and Epilogue," by the author of "Clytemnestra;" and "Poems before Congress," by Mrs. E. B. Browning.

MESSRS. TRUBNER AND Co. announce "Antiquarian, Ethnological, and other Researches in New Granada, Equador, Peru, and Chili," by Mr. William Bollaert, F.R.G.S.

MR. EDW. WALFORD's new work, "The County Families of the United Kingdom; or Royal Manual of the Titled and Untitled Aristocracy of Great Britain," is announced by Mr. R. Hardwicke for the end of the month.

THE curious Diurnal of Thomas Rugge, in the British Museum, to which public attention was long ago called by Lord Braybrooke, in his preface to Pepy's Diary, is about to be published for the first time under the editorship of Mr. Hopper, and with the assistance of Mr. James Yeowell, sub-editor of *Notes and Queries*.

MESSRS. HOOPER AND Co., of New York, announce the first volume of a new "History of France," by Mr. Parke Godwin, formerly editor of *Putnam's Magazine*; and Messrs. Rudd and Carleton, of New York, are getting ready the first complete English edition of the "Novels and Tales of Honoré de Balzac," translated by Messrs. O. W. Wight, and Frank B. Goodrich.

From The Saturday Review.  
THE WHITWORTH CANNON.

IF Hotspur's fine-gentleman who, "but for that vile gunpowder, would himself have been a soldier," could have stood among the crowds which gathered last week on the Southport coast, his indisposition to a military career would no doubt have been most remarkably confirmed by the spectacle which he would have been there invited to behold. He would have realized what a terrible affair gunpowder, when properly handled, can become. He would have found himself face to face with the greatest existing professor of a main branch of the art of homicide. He would have seen a quiet, affable-looking gentleman, trotting about on a rough pony, or chatting pleasantly with his many guests, and would have shuddered to learn that an individual apparently so inoffensive could break the sixth commandment, seven or eight miles off, any moment he pleased, without the slightest exertion or inconvenience in the world. He would have seen the eighty-pounder fired, and have voted himself a life-member of the peace society on the spot.

Happily, it is not always that valor is so tempered with discretion; and with most Englishmen, we suspect, the instinct of taking care of themselves is a feeble power as compared with that healthy spirit of destructiveness which is so especially gratified by putting an end to other people. So far from men being deterred by the additional hazard of war which the modern improvements in artillery must involve, it is probable that nothing could tend in a larger degree to render every branch of the service generally popular than the introduction of weapons which, from their beauty and effectiveness, it is a perfect luxury to use, and which surely and speedily repay any outlay of time and trouble that may be necessary for learning how to employ them with intelligence and skill. The present volunteer movement would, we may hope, have taken place even though we had all been obliged to arm ourselves with the old Brown Bess; but it could only have been regarded as an onerous and unattractive duty. With an admirable rifle, it bids fair to contest with cricket the place of the favorite national amusement. Every fresh discovery in gunnery is therefore a twofold source of strength. It not only gives additional force to our *matériel*, but it tends to improve the *personnel* of our army by offering attractions to new and superior classes of recruits. Few persons perform a more valuable service towards the state than the men to whose patience, vigor, and ingenuity such discoveries are owing; and we most heartily congratulate Mr. Whitworth

on having made so important a contribution towards the military capacities of his country, and consequently, towards its domestic security and the dignity of its position among European nations.

Considering the great importance that, throughout the world's history, men have attached to killing or being able to kill one another, there seems a sort of unconscious, rather stupid, good-nature in the amiable reluctance they have shown to adopt the means of doing it most effectually. The properties of gunpowder, the theory of projectiles, the means, and appliances, and information were all at hand; yet people have resolutely adhered to the awkward contrivances of ruder times, resented every suggestion of improvement as unnecessary and chimerical, and have only by slow degrees and sheer necessity been driven into the adoption of a more artistic mode of warfare. Ever since Edward III. set off with "great crakeys of war" to demolish the Scotch insurgents, the science of artillery practice has advanced with lingering steps, and sometimes has stood altogether still for centuries together. Scarcely more than twenty years ago the royal engineers, having for experimental purposes tried for a long while to hit a target of six feet wide at three hundred and fifty yards, were obliged at last to give up the task as hopeless, and it was not till after the severe experience of their Algerian campaigns that the French became fully convinced of the necessity of a more effective weapon than the old-fashioned musket. Rifles, however, became generally in vogue, and as one improvement in lighter arms succeeded another, it was obvious that a corresponding progress must be made in artillery, if that branch of the service was not to become for the future almost useless. It seems to have been reserved for our own countrymen to achieve the greatest successes in this direction. Sir William Armstrong's invention was at once acknowledged to have thrown all past successes into the shade, and now Mr. Whitworth has undoubtedly produced a weapon which obviates many of the inconveniences that his predecessor's involved, and which certainly seems likely to attain results hitherto considered beyond the range of possibility. Though the practice days of last week were so gusty as to be most unfavorable to accurate firing, and although the collateral arrangements of the eighty-pounder were not sufficiently complete to admit of its being tried at the elevation necessary for its longest range, no one of the adventurous sight-seers who had made their way to the scene of action from all parts of England—and even, in several instances, from the continent—seemed in the slightest degree to feel

that their labors had been spent in vain. Southport might well rise into frantic excitement as fresh visitors came flocking in, and train after train deposited a fresh load of expectant humanity. There was, it must be confessed, a poetical propriety in the desolateness of the surrounding region, which seemed, as it were, "quoted and signed" by the hand of Nature herself for the trial of some terrible experiment. The susceptibility of local patriotism has been terribly wounded, it is said, by a disparaging epithet which an unfeeling contemporary applied to the scenery of this strange coast. We should be sorry to add a needless pang—still we could not conscientiously recommend the vicinage of Southport to young ladies in search of the romantic. "A dreary situation waste and wide" breaks gradually upon the traveller as he advances toward the coast. Far away inland stretches a flat, moorland country, intersected with dykes and wide enclosures, here breaking up into sandy hillocks, here varied with a patch of scanty vegetation or with a black peat-stack standing by the side of its native bog. Presently, an apparently endless expanse of level mud breaks upon the delighted vision. Miles away, a tiny ridge of surf attests the actual existence of salt-water. A sluggish tide rolls feebly towards the shore, and again retires into indefinite distance. The monotony, however, is not entirely unbroken. Here and there some fair excursionist, stepping nimbly across the treacherous soil, forgets the frivolities of Manchester existence in the innocent pursuit of sea-anemones. Great flocks of sea-birds stand solemnly on the sand-heaps or stream in long, lazy flights from pool to pool. In the horizon, a fisherman may be descried, splashing, net-in-hand, through the shallows. The village itself wears a look of rather oppressive tranquillity, and must at ordinary seasons offer every opportunity for a contemplative existence. In one or two places an unfinished building, with its scaffolding about it, seemed to have paused in indecision as to whether it should make an effort to get finished, or lapse at once into a picturesque ruin. A half-completed pier had apparently made a desperate effort to get into deep water, and had abandoned the attempt as hopeless. Still Southport has its bright side. Hither resort the weary beauties of Manchester and Liverpool to repair their waning charms; there is a grand esplanade, and a royal hotel, and local paper, with a long list of fashionable arrivals. A beautiful system of water-works atones partially for the remoteness of the ocean wave—a young ladies' seminary watches over the interests of education—the donkey-girls are every thing that is

most picturesque, and the donkeys as abundant as heart could desire. These last will not remember Mr. Whitworth with any especial good-will. The route to the scene of action lay along two miles of shore, and very wearisome miles they certainly were. As the vehicular resources of Southport are limited, it was principally in certain primitive cars, drawn by a triad of donkeys, that the journey thither had to be accomplished. The sand was deep and the mud sticky, the elderly gentlemen from Manchester portly and ponderous, the drivers unsparingly coercive, and the poor donkeys apparently had a sad time of it. However, they bore all with more than asinine heroism, and seemed determined to show, by a contrast of their own consistent obstinacy with the rest of the day's performances, how far easier a matter it may be to make a cannon-ball fly seven miles than to persuade a donkey into trotting two.

There is an end, however, to all things; and shortly after one o'clock the principal visitors had assembled, and soon clustered thick round the little group of cannon, while Mr. Whitworth described the principles and mechanism of his weapons, and forthwith proceeded to give ocular demonstration of their complete efficiency. The first thing which seemed to strike every one was the extreme simplicity of the invention. A few moments sufficed to make it intelligible to the by-standers, and its details are probably already familiar to most of our readers. A brief recapitulation of its principal characteristics may, however, not be superfluous. The guns are constructed of the very toughest and hardest iron that can possibly be made. One of the cannon exhibited was carefully examined after fifteen hundred rounds had been fired from it, and no wearing away of its edges or other symptom of detriment could be discovered. There are two great points as to which Mr. Whitworth's barrels differ from Sir William Armstrong's. In the first place, they are not as his are, provided with a chamber in which the charge reposes, but are rifled throughout from breach to muzzle. The great advantage of this is that any amount of loading, and any length of projectile, can be employed; whereas, in Sir W. Armstrong's, the charge has to be invariably accommodated to the size of the chamber. Mr. Whitworth says that there would not be the least difficulty in firing a projectile half the length of the barrel, should occasion require it; and he actually contemplates firing a two hundred pound shot out of his eighty pound gun, when it is duly furnished with the carriage which is now being prepared for it. In the next place, instead of being fluted with a

number of little sharp-edged grooves, the new barrel is a simple hexagon, with its sides made perfectly smooth, so as to offer the least possible resistance to a body passing over their surface, and thus obviating the dangers which might otherwise result from so considerable a pitch of rifling as that which Mr. Whitworth employs. The pitch of rifling in the three pounder is one inch in forty; and thus the projectile makes one and a half revolutions before leaving the barrel, and the most intense rotatory motion, and consequently the greatest accuracy of flight, are thus obtained. Notwithstanding this violent twist in the barrel, which some people have imagined must lead to frequent explosions, Mr. Whitworth has contrived that there shall be extremely little friction. This is managed by the projectile fitting the barrel, and being allowed to slip over its surfaces, instead of being made slightly larger than the barrel, and being thus forced to cut into its edges. In the Armstrong gun, the projectile, in forcing its way out, drives its leaden coating into the grooves of the barrel. In the Whitworth gun, the projectile glides over the surfaces of the barrel, and passes out with a very inconsiderable degree of resistance. The form of projectile which is found to answer best, and with which the great distances have been accomplished, is an oblong conical bolt, rifled so as to fit the barrel. In the three pounder it is about nine inches long; and in shape is like a little cucumber with one of its round ends cut off and six spiral slices cut longitudinally in its rind—these being of course for the purpose of fitting the hexagonal bore. The length of the projectile, however, is not an essential point, and so long as its rifle exactly fits the barrel through which it is to pass, it may be longer or shorter, or a perfect sphere, as convenience or fancy may suggest. When the gun is to be loaded, the breach of the cannon screws off, and the bolt is pushed into the barrel. At its back is placed a tin cartridge similarly rifled, and so arranged as to protrude slightly from the barrel, till the cannon's breach is again screwed on; so that, when the gun is fastened up, the cartridge lines that part of it at which its breach and body join, and prevent the possibility of the slightest escape of air or powder through any interstice that might be occasioned by an imperfect fitting of the screw. It has also the advantage of confining the powder at the moment of explosion, and so saving the gun's metal from the full strain of pressure to which it must otherwise be exposed. But the cartridge has still a further use. At the end where it touches the projectile, it is furnished with a little lump of lubricating matter, which is

dispersed by the explosion over the interior of the barrel, and cleans it for the next discharge, besides effectually preventing the least windage. Two hundred rounds can be fired without the barrel fouling; and the great inconvenience of having to sponge out the barrel after every shot, and of being obliged to carry water with the gun for this purpose, is altogether avoided. In action, where time is every thing, the gain would be enormous; and owing to this, and to the simplicity of its other details, the guns could no doubt easily be fired two or three times in a minute, and their execution must necessarily prove immense. Each of them is fitted with the necessary screws for shifting their aim, and a few turns of a handle bring them instantaneously to bear upon any given point with the utmost nicety, the whole being easily within the management of a single man. This, of course, would not be the case with the eighty pounder, though, when it is supplied with its proper carriage, there seems no reason why it should not be manipulated with almost equal facility.

What the full capabilities of the eighty pounder may be—how far it will shoot, and how much it will shoot through—we as yet know only by conjecture. Mr. Whitworth looks forward with the greatest confidence to the impending experiments at Sheerness, and expects to be able to pierce and shatter the stoutest iron plates at six hundred yards distance. On Wednesday and Thursday week, however, the eighty pounder, at very low elevation, performed in a manner at which all competent judges acknowledged their astonishment. Four shots were fired at ten degrees of elevation, and with a ninety pound bolt. The best of these was 4,500 yards in range, and no one of the four was more than ten yards in lateral deviation from any of the rest. The next day it was fired at seven degrees of elevation, and it ranged between 3,500 and 3,480 yards, throwing every shot within one and a half yards of the same line of fire. The three pounder, which looks more like an elegant telescope than a deadly instrument of destruction, was fired first at three degrees of elevation, and its shot then fell somewhat short of a mile, varying from 1,600 to 1,500 yards, but in no instance deviating more than two yards from the true line of fire. Two shots out of nine actually fell on the line, and five only half a yard on one side. When the three pounder was raised to twenty degrees of elevation, its range was about 6,600 yards; and out of twelve shots so fired, two sets of three fell precisely on two parallel lines, each within six feet of one another. The experiments with the twelve pounder were equally remarkable. At twenty degrees of elevation, it ranged from 6,818 to

6,339 yards; at five degrees of elevation, it averaged 2,300, and threw all its shot within two and a half yards of the true line of fire. On Thursday, at five degrees of elevation, it carried rather over two thousand yards with astonishingly small lateral deviations; at ten degrees, its range was increased to nearly four thousand yards; and the three pounder, at the same elevation, did very nearly as well, both as to length of range and smallness of lateral deviation.

Perhaps the most beautiful part of the performance was that in which Mr. Whitworth showed how capably his bolts could be made to ricochet. The spectators were ranged on the sandy ridges about a hundred yards from the shore. More than a mile and a half away might be descried a little group gathered around the guns; presently came a flash, then an interval of a few seconds, then the rumble of the report, and al-

most at the same time the sand in front was ploughed up and dashed away right and left, and the bolt might be heard rushing high overhead with a sort of wild scream, and presently marking the spot of its final fall by a tiny splash in the far distance. The evening on Wednesday was exquisitely fine, and the air so clear that the whistle of the little three pounder, which was being fired at long ranges, seemed really to ring all along the horizon; and the long reverberations of each discharge died slowly away as the wearied spectators wandered homewards across the sands, now and then stopping to look upon the strange scene they were leaving behind them, doubtless congratulating themselves on the genius of their countryman and on the military capacities of a nation in which such designs could be conceived and elaborated.

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MR. W. P. NIMMO, of Edinburgh, is about to publish "The Life and Poems of William Dunbar, the Burns of the Sixteenth Century," edited by Mr. James Paterson, author of "Wallace and his Times." It was Sir Walter Scott's opinion that William Dunbar was "unrivalled by any poet that Scotland has yet produced."

A NEW contribution to Highland literature is announced by Messrs. Edmonstone and Douglas, of Edinburgh, under the title, "Seann Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach; Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected, with a translation," by Mr. J. F. Campbell.

A WORK of considerable interest to geologists is in preparation by Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co., of Boston. It is a series of photo-lithographic plates of the fossil footprints found in the Connecticut River sandstone, and first observed by the late Dr. Deane, of Greenfield, Mass. The work will be issued under the superintendence of Dr. Gould, Dr. H. Bowditch, and other scientific men, for the benefit of Dr. Deane's family.

DR. ROUYER's work, under the title "Etudes Médicales sur l'ancienne Rome," just published by Delahaye, Paris, contains descriptions of the mineral waters, the philtres, cosmetics, and perfumes used by the Romans, and a biographical list of women known to have practised medicine at Rome.

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THE second and last volume of Baron de Bazancourt's semi-official narrative of the Italian War, issued this week, contains, among other matter, a detailed description of the interview of the two emperors at Villafranca.

THE last two numbers of the *Revue Archéologique*, a monthly periodical published by Didier and Co., Paris, contain a very interesting historical dissertation on "Les Expéditions de Jules César en Grande-Bretagne," from the pen of the distinguished savant, M. Silvestre de Sauley.

THE first volume of the Correspondence of the late Alexander von Humboldt with Varnhagen von Ense, has been published by Decker, Berlin, and is creating a great sensation on account of the liberal, and sometimes even ultra-democratic, opinions expressed by the author of "Cosmos."

A GERMAN translation of the first volume of Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," by the well-known Professor Arnold Ruge, has appeared at Leipzig.

THE third volume of Herr Brugsch's great work, "Geographical Inscriptions on Ancient Egyptian Monuments, collected by order of his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, during a scientific exploration of the country," has been issued by Decker, Berlin.



From The Saturday Review, 8 March.  
NOTES ON IMPERIALISM.

THERE are few things which more painfully bring before us the slightness of the tenure by which we hold our liberty and our civilization than the language which is used by many estimable persons with regard to the present condition of France. It is quite natural that narrow-minded and bigoted people should think that "any thing is good enough for foreigners;" but it is not of them that we complain. We speak of highly educated men and women, who have lived year after year in the full light of English freedom, and who have seemed to appreciate its blessings not less than their neighbors. And yet now—dazzled by success, or by the appearance of material prosperity which they see around them in Paris—they appear to take no thought either of the means by which the emperor rose to power, or of the deadening effect which his sway has, and must have, upon all that is noblest in the character of the nation over which he rules. The views which many of our countrymen hold on this subject are most unfortunate—bad for their own minds if they keep them to themselves, but infinitely worse for the *prestige* of the country to which they belong, if, as they are too fond of doing, they parade them when abroad. "Your good emperor," said a friend of ours lately to a Parisian *bourgeoise*, "often passes this way." "Our good emperor!" said the other; "strangers may call him 'good,' but you forget that all that display which produces so much effect on you is paid for with our money." Only a month or two ago an Englishman of very considerable reputation said to a group which surrounded him in a Parisian drawing-room,— "But surely, under your present government, France is prosperous. Surely, you can do as you please." "Oh, dear, yes!" interrupted a by-stander; "if we wish only to eat, drink, and make money, we can do exactly as we please."

This lowness of political tone, when it is found in Englishmen, does infinite harm. We cannot, as a nation, do what we will, be loved in France. We are far too happy, far too successful, to make that possible, even if the peculiar qualities which distinguish us were such as to call out the affections of our neighbors. Envy is perhaps the evil passion which is most developed in modern France. Half her political troubles can be traced to it. How, then, can she love the powerful islanders who have so often stopped her in the full career of victory, and march always abreast, if not one step before her, in the procession of the nations? But the excellences which we possess are just those which a Frenchman involuntarily respects; and our

travelling readers may depend upon it that they will be infinitely better thought of beyond the Channel if they have courage to be themselves, and, avoiding swagger or pretension, judge the politics of continental nations by the broad principles of right and wrong which they apply to the questions which arise at home.

We cannot recollect too often that France is not lingering in the race of political improvement, but is actually going back. There are few governments in Europe with which we can have unmixed sympathy; but there is only one in which the whole influence really belongs to the classes which we in England think least fit to rule. In Austria there are good elements struggling with bad ones, hopelessly for the time, yet with a hope for the future. So, too, it is in Turkey, and so in Russia; but France, and France alone, has allowed her government to pass from her worthier classes into the hands of the army, the priests, and the multitude. This truth has, like many others, taken the form of a myth. The story goes that the emperor, conversing with a friend, drew a triangle on the table before which he sat. "Here," he said, "you see my system. The base is the populace, the two sides are respectively the clergy and the troops. Within we have *la bourgeoisie mécontente mais contenue*."

A parallel has often been drawn between France as she is at this moment and the Roman empire. Happily for mankind there is one enormous difference. The despotism of Rome embraced the civilized world, and the unlucky wight who offended it could only escape, if he escaped at all, by taking refuge among the barbarians beyond the frontier. Now, there is more than one country, not inferior to France in all that makes life worth having, where as the exiled German poet expresses it *die kettenwunden heilen*. Yet for those who dwell within the territory of the "*grande nation*" the differences which exist between the Roman world under one of the less bad emperors and themselves are perhaps rather differences which affect the whole state of modern society than any thing else. Imperialism in France and imperialism in ancient Rome are possibly as like each other as the lapse of centuries will allow them to be.

It is idle to object that the despotism of Napoleon III. is, at least, not a cruel despotism—that things are not so bad as they were when the historian could say, *Lucius Piso, Pontifex, rarum in tantâ claritudine fato obiit*. Why should it be cruel? It is surely borne with sufficient submission. On the single occasion on which it became seriously alarmed it showed itself prepared for any atrocity. Englishmen seem not to realize

that, after the Orsini attempt, hundreds of persons were hurried away into a captivity which to many must have been worse than death. Details of many of these cases of legalized kidnapping were given soon after the event in the *Continental Review*, a periodical which threw infinitely more light upon the state of Europe during the brief period of its existence than any of its contemporaries. We have ourselves been assured by a gentleman moving in excellent society in Paris, and of whose veracity we never heard a suspicion, that during the Ministry of General Espinasse, a préfet with whom he was acquainted had said to him, "I am in despair. The government has ordered me to furnish it with a list of fifty persons for deportation. In my whole department I cannot find twenty-five who could be in the remotest way obnoxious to the powers that be. I have represented this to the minister, and he orders me, nevertheless, to complete my list." It may be added that the préfet obeyed his instructions, and that his was by no means an exceptional case. But to return to the present moment. The government is not cruel because it is not opposed. The telegraph, the railway, and a hundred other improvements of recent years have immensely increased the preventive power of authority. There is no possibility of punishing men for treason or sedition if the police is so omnipresent as to check the first beginnings of resistance. Take even the case of the press, which so frequently draws down on itself the chastisements of power. Let no one imagine that the *avertissements* of which we hear so much are the sole engines by which it is controlled. The opposition journals of any importance are perpetually receiving from the police private orders as to what they should or should not do. If these are obeyed, many things may be overlooked which would otherwise entail a regular *avertissement*. It was the neglect of one of these secret commands which was the real cause of the suppression of the *Univers*. Strange that the wretched Veuillot should have been overthrown by one of the few good things which he ever did!

The great impetus which the empire has given to the further centralization of government in France is one of its features which excites disquietude in the minds of thoughtful Frenchmen. That unhappy tendency to make Paris the depositary of all influence which, as De Tocqueville has shown, dates from a period long anterior to the Revolution which is now called, with a rather ghastly merriment, *la douairière*, goes on steadily increasing. In every thing the central authority must meddle and interfere. The very leading articles of some of the

provincial journals would seem often to be composed in the *bureaux* of the minister of the interior. In the smaller towns, functionaries of the state compose nearly the whole of society, and only a few places, such as Montpellier and Toulouse, have any thing like an intellectual life of their own. Ere long, the railway clerks will become part of the governmental machine. Some little time since a *brochure* appeared, in which it was maintained, in perfectly good faith, that the *concierges* had not sufficient authority and were not sufficiently respected. It was proposed to make them *employés* of government, with a kind of police jurisdiction over all the inmates of the house to which they belonged. To an inquiry whether he saw any hope of a reaction from the increasing rage for centralization, one of the most learned and thoughtful men in France replied to us—"I am not of those who think that the present *régime* will soon pass away. I see no indications of a change. Rather it seems to me that we shall go from bad to worse till all power of self-government dies out amongst us. There are but two nations in Europe which have a political future—your own and Russia."

Much has been said of the passion for speculation which the financial policy of Louis Napoleon has introduced into France; but in this matter the emperor has, we think, been more blamed than he deserves. It is obvious that those persons who are interested in funded property are sure, as a general rule, to be friends of peace; and if this be so, the loans will have done less harm than good, though any opportunity for dabbling in public securities is sure to be misused to some extent by a quick-witted and acquisitive people. The desire to possess a little piece of land had become with the French peasant a kind of monomania. Hence not only had the price of the smallest plot of ground risen to an absurd height, but mortgages were multiplied in a way which it is fearful to contemplate, and great wretchedness was the result. The tricks which have been played in recent years by the French government in its dealings with railway property admit of no defence; and only the other day the semblance of an expression of want of confidence amongst capitalists on the announcement of the commercial treaty was avoided by a *ruse* from which an English statesman would have shrunk; but those who are peculiarly scandalized by the monetary side of imperialism may comfort themselves by the reflection that the quarter of the *Chaussée d'Antin* is at least enamoured of tranquillity. Amongst the possible solutions of the Italian imbroglio of last summer, a movement in favor of peace,

headed by some military commander in the pay of the magnates of the Bourse, was not obscurely hinted at.

However this may be, it is clear that nothing can be said in favor of the tendency to lavish expenditure which is another feature of the present system. It is curious to observe how sharply the line is drawn between the old and the new in Parisian society. In the former, every thing is quiet, graceful, unostentatious, with a strongly intellectual tinge. In the latter, every one seems to try who will be ruined most quickly, and long credits and "kite-flying" are the order of the day—"a headlong race, with a slashing pace, and the Devil taking the hindmost."

There is, perhaps, no worse feature in the existing state of things than the material turn which it is giving to French thought. Not only is this bad for the present. It is far worse for the future, for a generation is growing up which does not remember a better period. As long as the men who illustrated the Restoration and the July Monarchy survive, there will be no lack of noble examples. They will pass away, however, one after another; some dying in the fulness of years and honors—some cut off, like M. Lenormant recently, in the midst of their career. To those who would form an idea of the hopelessness which is becoming one of the characteristics of a large portion of French thinkers, we would recommend the perusal of *Les Lettres d'Everard*, a book, more or less, of the Wertherian type, which is at present exciting some attention in Paris. The fact that the author has himself several of the faults which we fear to see increase amongst his countrymen, does not diminish the utility of the work for the purpose for which we recommend it.

The empire has also its Socialist aspect. In many of the lowest quarters of Paris portraits of the emperor are found in every house—portraits which were purchased when he first made his appearance in France, and when his real or supposed opinions were as

much thought of as his relationship to the first Napoleon. The letter in which the changes in the French tariff were announced was cried about in the various parts of Paris with a different commentary in each. In the Champs Elysées it was described exactly as what it was. In the Faubourg St. Antoine it became a measure exclusively in the interest of the working class. The words of Henry Heine when already near his end are very memorable—"It is all in vain—the future belongs to our enemies the Communists, and Louis Napoleon is only their John the Baptist."

If ever the secret memoirs of the emperor come to be written by one who really knows the truth, his relations with the refugees and the disaffected of all nations will form a curious chapter. Early engaged in insurrectionary movements, and acquainted with imprisonment and exile, he understands that strange type of man who says, as one of the class did to a friend of ours—"Ah, I know that house well; I conspired in it thirty years ago." Orsini had been his associate; and there is no doubt he communicated with that unfortunate man in the interval between his arrest and execution. Very recently, one of his confidential agents has traversed the Abruzzi establishing relations with the movement party in the kingdom of Naples, and he appears to have had repeated interviews with Kosuth during the Italian war. Even now it is asserted by those who ought to know, that all the wires which connect the revolutionary emigration with the disaffected in Hungary converge in Paris, and that an electric spark sent along them could at any time hurl into annihilation the obstinate and vicious prince who disgraces the purple of Maria Theresa. A monarch ruling with a better title, and with a stronger hold upon public sympathy at home, would if he equally well understood the revolutionary mines which extend under the thrones of the continent, have all his brother sovereigns at his mercy.

THE fragmentary accounts that have hitherto reached the public respecting Capt. Burton's late researches and explorations in Africa, have whetted the appetite for his detailed narrative now in press: "The Lake Regions of Central Africa, by Capt. Richard F. Burton." 2 vols.,

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 465

8 vo, with maps and illustrations. Undaunted by his narrow escape from death, a year or two since, on the shores of the Red Sea, Capt. Burton has persevered, until the solution of the great African mystery—the source of the Nile—is almost within his grasp.—*Tribune*.

From The Spectator.

### THE PAPACY.\*

THE papal power in its relations to European civilization is the subject of the sixth volume of M. Laurent's *Histoire du Droit des Gens*, etc. The topic, however philosophically treated, is one of close and concrete interest. To understand the present we must consult the past. How far are we influenced by the spirit of antiquity? How far are the old pretensions of the papacy still asserted? Does Pius IX. oppose or favor the popular developments? M. Laurent argues responsively, that the genius of an elder day yet survives; that the spiritual sovereign of Christendom arrogates to himself the old ecclesiastical functions; that the present occupant of St. Peter's chair resists the state authorities whenever he conceives their enactments inimical to the welfare of the Church. Nor does he think Pius IX. logically wrong in declaring, as he did on the 22d June, 1855, the anti-papal or anti-religious legislation of Sardinia null and void, or in maintaining, as in the case of the Archbishop of Turin, that the civil laws cannot prejudice those of the Church. In these and all similar instances of contumacy he pronounces the pope logically right. The pope does the pope's function, in part at least. His error is that he does not go far enough. To be consistent he ought to claim absolute power, temporal as well as spiritual. This, of course, is not M. Laurent's ultimate conviction. His ultimate conviction is that the papacy has outlived the purpose of its institution. Once it had a destination—to moralize barbarian Europe, to oppose the establishment of a universal German empire, and thus to permit the free growth of distinct nationalities. Now its mission is fulfilled; and, so far from aiding the development of humanity, the papacy directly obstructs it. That pope is not for but against the people; against national individuality, and national self-government. Secular society will not tolerate the political and intellectual tyranny of Rome; the concentration of ecclesiastical and papal power will create a formidable reaction against the Church and even against Christianity. The issue of the struggle cannot be doubted. The papacy will fall.

Though such is M. Laurent's antagonistic attitude towards the Holy See, we shall find him an appreciating and even eulogistic

\* *Etudes sur l'Histoire de l'Humanité; La Papauté et l'Empire.* Par F. Laurent, Professeur de l'Université de Gand.

*La Rome des Papes; son Origine, ses Phases successives, ses Mœurs intimes, son Gouvernement, son System Administratif.* Par un Ancien Membre de la Constituante Romaine. Traduction de l'ouvrage Italien inedit. Premier volume. Published by John Chapman.

chronicler of its earlier history. His work, in fact, is a philosophic elaboration, displaying large research and calm sustained reflection. In it he endeavors to estimate the unity of the Middle Ages, the mission of the papal power, and its relation to the empire. He describes the aims and achievements of Gregory VII. and Innocent III., and portrays the contest between that splendid successor of the magnificent Hildebrand and Frederic, the greatest temporal sovereign of the mediæval period. The dissolution of the unity of the Middle Ages, through the growing social and mental emancipation, with the attempts of the Church to meet the converging hostility of individuals and nations, forms the concluding portion of this volume.

We have not discovered in any part of the work a systematic statement of our author's philosophical views. A collation of passages, however, enables us to give a proximately, if not precisely correct, presentment of them, and thus to make his historical propositions sufficiently intelligible. The realization of peace and harmony is the leading want and aspiration of human nature. The craving for unity is instinctive and irresistible. Empire founded on conquest appears to satisfy this want. Hence the idea of a universal monarchy, as represented by Rome, or its mediæval successor, or Christian cosmopolitanism, or the papal sovereignty, has always been celebrated by thinkers and poets. This tendency of our nature to unity and universality has been almost effaced in modern civilization, from the enormous development of its complementary or opposing element, the tendency to liberty or individuality. This conception of individual freedom is the predominant thought of our age; but it does not and cannot replace the conception of empire. The fact is, a new idea is in process of development; an idea which will conciliate all the exigencies of our nature, which will establish harmony without absorbing individuality, and will respect national idiosyncracies without forgetting that nations are members of one great whole. This is the modern ideal, to which it is our duty and privilege eternally to approximate, but which we can never completely realize, because the laws of humanity forbid us to hope for an absolute perfection. Such is the primary conception of M. Laurent.

A secondary notion is that of political or social polarity; or, roughly and familiarly, "progress by antagonism." The great forces of society have hitherto been in a state of conflict. Each social power has its own aim, and seeks to conquer it even to the extrusion of every other power; often, however, being justified, by the circumstances of the time,



in asserting its exclusive pretensions; and eventually approving itself by its actual though partial accomplishment of the highest work of the human race. Sometimes two great social forces are pitted against each other, where the predominance of either would be fatal to the interests of mankind; each representing a portion of what is right or expedient but neither representing the whole. Sometimes their function is mainly negative. Imperfectly symbolizing a common truth, they mutually check each other. Thus the papacy prevented the material tyranny of the universal monarchy to which the German emperors aspired; and imperial opposition to papal claims prohibited the growth of an intellectual despotism.

In his application of these principles of historical criticisms M. Laurent carries us back to the Roman empire. The fact which so powerfully impressed the barbarians was the magnificent unity of that incorporation. It afforded them an ideal which they strove to realize. To this pagan conception was superadded that of Christianity. Christianity ennobled it, but it could not remove all traces of its origin. The empire remained an empire of soldiership and conquest. Remitted to Charlemagne, it fell to pieces on his death. Under the name of the German empire, it was reconstituted by Otho. Subsequently it combated the ambition of the pope, precluded the establishment of a Catholic theocracy, the worst of universal monarchies, and even favored natural culture and the progress of the race. The emperors of the Middle Ages were the heroes of humanity. On the other hand, the spiritual and temporal domination of the Church and its organ the papacy was a providential event. Christianity was an educative instrument intended to elevate and moralize the Germanic populations. In an age of brutal force the Church was the asylum of intellect. The barbarity of society justified the usurpations of the papacy. The great popes, the Gregories and the Innocents, were also the heroes of humanity.

Their reign, however, like that of the emperors, was provisional. And now man is no longer a minor. Nations have attained their majority, and the power which has passed from papal to royal hands, will ultimately pass from the hands of kings to the hands of nations.

M. Laurent anticipates objection. Is it not a self-stultification to applaud the papacy in the eleventh, to condemn it in the nineteenth century? He answers that, in this philosophic appreciation there is neither fatalism or contradiction. At least the contradiction is not in the historian but in the facts. The facts are the consequences of

human liberty; and the results of man's free agency necessarily bear the marks of his inherent imperfection. Institutions are the inevitable products of a given social state. To perpetuate what is suitable to one era, is to convert a furtherance into an obstruction.

The Roman empire was a frightful phasis in the life of humanity. Yet the Fathers of the Church celebrated it. Applauding its triumph, moreover, they applauded its fall. Still there is no contradiction. As a gigantic essay at universal empire, it deserves reprobation: and from this point of view the barbarians were the saviours of the human race. But as the sole possible expedient for terminating the anarchy of the republic and arresting the dissolution of the ancient world, it is entitled to the respect of the politician. The unity of the Roman empire saved Christianity, and facilitated its diffusion. The same reasoning applies to the papacy. The religion of Jesus has served as the instrument of modern civilization. Both were threatened with extinction in the eleventh century. Gregory VII. concentrated ecclesiastical power, and preserved them. Thus the pontifical monarchy was both necessary and legitimate. On the other hand, its necessity was provisional, its value purely temporary. Perpetuated it would have been more fatal to mankind than the Roman empire. In fact, it did compromise both national independence and individual freedom. Hence a reaction, first imperial, then national, against the papacy, followed by heresy or intellectual reaction, which was in its turn succeeded by an intestine resistance to the extravagant pretensions of papal power. Rapidly recapitulating, M. Laurent maintains that Pagan Rome prepared the ground for Christianity, while Christian Rome propagated and consolidated it among the German populations. The function of each was alike temporary; and with its fulfilment each loses the right to exist. The papacy of the Middle Ages was a genuine spiritual power, based on the moral and intellectual superiority of the Church over feudal society. Very different was that of the fifteenth century. The clergy, then, had become at once ignorant and corrupt, and thus practically pronounced its own deposition. More enlightened and more moral, lay society is quite capable of directing its own destinies. Decrease of ecclesiastical and increase of civil sovereignty, is the law of the approaching epoch.

Such is a brief exposition of M. Laurent's historical conclusions. We regret that we have not been able to give a minute analysis of this profound and interesting work; the copious illustration and elaborate estimate



of the great historical epoch which he delineates, requiring more time and space than we can well afford for their adequate presentment.

Still more fugitive must be our notice of a somewhat distantly related book, though on a cognate if not identical subject. In the *Rome of the Popes*, of which one volume lies on our table, its origin, successive phases, morals, manners, government, and administrative system, are passed in review. The work purports to be written by an ex-member of the Roman Constituent Assembly, now a proscrip and exile. Regarding the publication of his book as a sacred duty, he believes himself both by position and character specially qualified for his task. The Roman States he describes as the property of an ecclesiastical family, whose head is the pope. That pope, moreover, is a king; and ecclesiastics are his ministers. In their view the law of the Church overrules that of the state, and ought to be recognized as superior to the latter by every existing government. All the civil institutions of Rome are subjected to ecclesiastical domination. The only hope for Rome, Italy, and mankind, continues our author, lies in their emancipation from the papal yoke; and the sole

chance of effecting this emancipation lies in the destruction of the papacy. The pope once removed from Rome and deprived of his temporal power, the desired unity would be spontaneously evolved. Thus, what today is a vital and passionate question, would be transformed to-morrow into a subject for philosophical or possibly even archæological discussion.

We have said enough to indicate the author's general point of view. The work of dissection can scarcely be a pleasant one; and the anatomy of moral corruption, the history of the *vice* of a moribund ecclesiasticism, is, as the historian would himself allow, at least as nauseating as edifying. Those, however, whom pleasure or business may incline to a closer scrutiny, will find in this volume a fund of information on the Roman and Provincial clergy, bishops and vicars, the ancient and modern religious orders, the central ecclesiastical government, and the sacred congregations of cardinals. Miracles, beatification, the Devil's advocate, and the "Index expurgatorius," are among the topics which are discussed in the pages of this long indictment against the Rome of the popes.

**FALSE LABELS.**—At the annual meeting of the members of the Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday, Mr. C. Brook, Jun., of Meltham Mills, introduced the subject of the practice of falsely marking or labelling goods for sale, and in a lengthy address, showed the general prevalence of the practice of falsely marking the lengths of cotton cloth, cotton thread, ribbons, and other articles. He then detailed the steps he had taken for the formation of an association for the suppression of such practices, and described the opposition he had met with from merchants and others in Manchester and London. Notwithstanding this opposition, however, the association had been formed. Counsel's opinion had been taken, and it was to the effect that where manufacturers sold short lengths to gratify a merchant, the two thus combining constituted a conspiracy for which they might be indicted and punished. He concluded by calling upon the Chamber of Commerce to aid in the objects of the association. Mr. W. Willans then moved—"That in

the opinion of this meeting the practice of marking goods with false trade marks and labels is a serious evil, and calls for the strongest condemnation; and this Chamber cordially sympathizes with the objects of the association which has been formed for the suppressing such practices." Mr. J. Batley, sen., seconded the resolution, which was passed unanimously. It was also resolved that a copy of the foregoing resolution should be forwarded to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.

MR. ELIHU RICH has lately completed a work of considerable magnitude. It is an Analytical Index in two bulky octavo volumes, or about one thousand four hundred closely printed pages to the *Arcana Celestia* of Swedenborg. Mr. Rich's task has consisted in the analysis and arrangement of a mass of abstract ideas, not simply as a book of reference, but in the order of instruction. His work is still more remarkable as the produce of odd hours, snatched from other occupations at unseasonable times.

From The Saturday Review.

THE DIARY OF A SAMARITAN.\*

THE English in which this book is written is deplorable. There are whole sentences without any meaning whatever, and the author displays the most arbitrary indifference to the rules of grammar and the received meaning of words. But we do not wish to criticise a work which does not make much pretension, and which ought to meet with all the indulgence that is due to the production of an American clerk living in a city where French and English are almost equally spoken. The badness of the style is merely worth noticing because many readers would be likely to be deterred by it from going on with a book that is really interesting and entertaining. The writer was a member of what is called the Howard Association in New Orleans. This is a society of men numbering about thirty in all, who engage to give their voluntary services to the poor in the periods of the fatal epidemics by which their city is so frequently visited. When the yellow fever or cholera becomes bad, the association wakes into activity, soliciting and receiving subscriptions; and, each taking a district, the members go when they are sent for, to see that the sick are provided with proper food, medicine, and nursing. The members are not physicians themselves, but they go with the physicians to the houses of the poor and furnish the means of obedience to the physician's injunctions. This volume contains the record of the most remarkable cases which the writer met with. It describes the histories of the patients, their behavior, and their character. In times of epidemic disease, and under the anticipation of death, the mind abandons much of its habitual reserve, and several of the invalids whom the author visited were very glad to disburden themselves to a stranger of better education than themselves, and whose kindness of feeling was proved by his presence at their bedside. There are, therefore, in this volume several stories which, although they will not bear extracting, are pleasant enough to read; and the yellow fever is a disease so curious in itself that a general sketch of its progress, told in language free from medical technicality, is sufficient to command our attention.

The writer, in a very frank and artless way, tells us his views as to the nature of the task he undertook. He says, honestly, that he worked very hard, that he was at the service of the sick night and day, that he made a great many poor people happy, and that hundreds of invalids looked to him as their

preserver. But he is well aware that he liked doing all this—liked being active and kind, and liked poor people's gratitude. It was his special fancy, and he indulged it. This is an exact account of much of the extraordinary benevolence of mankind. The first step is every thing. It takes some resolution to determine to be a missionary or a sister of charity. But when once the enthusiast is fairly embarked, the task becomes daily easier. The conscious struggle, the semi-public life, the admiration and love of numberless human beings, not only cheer the laborer in the cause of human happiness, but render it impossible he should quit the path he has once chosen. This is by no means a lowering view of human nature. As it is, we feel sure, the true view, it cannot be lowering. But after all allowance has been made for the charm of custom and the stimulus of routine, the difference still remains between man and man, that some do, and some do not, devote themselves to help their neighbors. Experience is, however, very strong against the chance intrusion of occasional benevolence. It is much better that only those should come forward in times of sickness and trial who are prepared to abandon themselves entirely to the work of charity. The American Samaritan is loud in his denunciation of the well-meaning people who are led to frequent the fearful scenes of yellow fever infirmaries from motives of what they call sympathy, and what he calls curiosity. They really can do no good. If they are affected with an hysterical giddiness they disgust real workers by their levity; and if they are shocked, pained, and overcome, they agitate the patient with a fatal terror of death. There is no purpose to which this volume can be better applied than as a warning to those who may be inclined to take up lightly the task of visiting the sick.

The ludicrous grandiloquence of the style, and the candor with which the author acknowledges the importance of his services, tend to obscure the substantial simplicity of the volume. It narrates real feelings and real events so naturally, that we can hardly understand how any one so accustomed to do right according to the standard of his time and country should have failed to take refuge in the coating of conventionalism with which most good people cover their actions. Perhaps the author is too satisfied with himself and his friends to feel that any coating is necessary. And yet there are some parts in the book that are startling to English tastes. There is, for instance, a description of one deathbed which, if the occasion were not so solemn, would seem in the highest degree ludicrous. An acquaintance of the author was dying, and took occasion to unfold

\* *The Diary of a Samaritan.* By a Member of the Howard Association of New Orleans. New York. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1860.

his views of a future state. He had been a sinner, and he longed to go where he might have a fresh start and do rightly. No wish could be more natural, but the author books the outpourings of his dying friend as if they really threw a valuable light on a future world. Some common acquaintances come in to say good-by to the poor man, and at last he was asked whether he had any thing more that he wished to say. After a pause, he replied that he wished to drink some brandy to the glory of God, and invited the company to join him. As he was dying of cholera, the stimulant was at hand in abundance. The glasses were filled; the dying man gave the word, "To Almighty God;" the brandy was drunk, and then, the invalid leading the way, they all threw their glasses into the fender, looking on it as sacrilege that they should be ever turned to a meaner use. This story would be not only comical, but most irreverent, if it were not told in such perfect good faith. We are convinced, as we read the narrative, that all present thought they were doing a very appropriate and decorous act. The dying man especially seems to have been content with himself. For when it was proposed that a clergyman should be sent for, he replied that it would be a pity to take the trouble, for he was in a very happy state of mind, and a clergyman might only disturb him. There is another anecdote in the book that runs much after the same fashion. When the yellow fever was over, it was determined that the Samaritan of each district should give a grand dinner of rejoicing in the room of his hospital that had held the sick. The author is careful to let us know that in his dinner he was eminently successful, but that he was as much indebted to his luck as his wit, for very fortunately there was a large supply of good champagne left from the store provided by the charitable for the sick. As his guests arrived one by one, he singled out a particularly jovial victim, and obligingly led him round the room, pointing out the exact spot of the most fearful deaths that had taken place, and showing the stains of sickness still discoloring the floor. This he seems to have considered the height of clever, practical joking. To Englishmen the proceeding is simply wonderful. The notion of using up the rest of the champagne in a jolly party amid the scenes of recent death and horrible agony is revolting; but that men could not only do this, but consider it a piece of legitimate fun to sicken a visitor by making him closely observe the signs of the physical suffering of fellow-creatures stamped on the floor and walls of the room, seems perfectly unendurable. And yet, when we read the book, we find it all sit so easily and naturally

on the writer—he was so unmistakably a good man, and the proceeding was so evidently suited to the society in which he moved—that we cease to blame or to be repelled by him. We rather like him for telling us so frankly what he did, and at the end of the volume are more inclined to rejoice that so much goodness can accompany so much oddity, than to turn away from him in disgust.

The peculiarity of the yellow fever is that, with rare exceptions, it only strikes newcomers to the country. The moral effects of a great epidemic are, therefore, not produced by its advent. Society is not disorganized, for those who keep society on its usual footing feel little alarm for themselves. Irishmen and Germans are by far the largest sufferers; and the very poor do not upset the smoothness of life, however numerous and rapid may be their deaths. The yellow fever also comes at a time of the year when, even if New Orleans were free from extraordinary disease, there would be little business to be transacted. The epidemic, therefore, has hardly any other effect on the richer classes than that of opening their purse-strings. Subscriptions for the relief of the destitute and for the care of the sick flow in rapidly, and no plan for aiding the diseased seems ever to have drooped for want of funds. It is necessary to understand this beforehand, lest readers should be disappointed who, hearing of the ravages caused by the fever, might expect that it would affect society as the plague affected Athens. There is nothing in the history of yellow fever that has the startling character of the disease described by Thucydides and Lucretius. Nine-tenths of the volume are occupied in telling how a succession of poor, unfriended emigrants shrank quietly and quickly into an unnoticed grave. But the pathos of these stories depends in a great measure on the fact that the sufferers were strange, poor, and friendless. The sorrow with which some contemplated a separation from their beloved ones, whom, after bringing so far, they had to leave desolate and uncared for, and the placid resignation with which others quitted a world where they had ceased to hope, make up the elements of a very touching picture of human life. The author of this book is not a poet or a sensible man, nor is he acquainted with any known language; but he is straightforward and candid, and writes from his heart; and perhaps we could have better spared a better man. It is a hard thing to write a good book about sickness and death; and in spite of all its faults, this book has the merit of bringing a variety of scenes vividly before the mind, and of interesting the readers in the cause which the writer has so much at heart.

From The Spectator.

MR. RUSSELL'S INDIAN DIARY.\*

WE have already intimated that the narrative which Mr. Russell has just published of his Indian mission is not a reproduction of his famous letters in the *Times*; but it may not be superfluous to repeat that statement, for false suppositions are of all ill weeds the hardest to eradicate. The military operations at which Mr. Russell was present are here described with all the well-known vividness of his pen, but the greater portion of the two volumes consists of entirely new matter. Much is told which the writer was bound to regard as secret history at the time when it became known to him: scenes and incidents are related which multiply our points of view, and clear up our dim conceptions of the whole of the great struggle by the bright glimpses they give of its elementary forces; and we are forced to open our eyes wide to the condition of India by the pregnant facts which are set before us. Mr. Russell modestly apologizes for the frequent use of the first personal pronoun imposed upon him by the form of his narrative, but the suppression of that little word "I" would have robbed his book of half its charms and more than half its value. Besides his many known friends, Mr. Russell has thousands of others who have not seen his face, and all of them will like best to hear the tale of his personal adventures told with a frankness with which friend speaks to friend, or with which a man records in his diary the impressions made upon him by passing events. We have heard a great deal about India from men who have long lived there, who have taken part in its administration, and who have claimed for themselves and their class a monopoly of all sound knowledge of the subject, and all capacity to discern its existing phenomena and forecast its future phases; but our faith in these oracles has been severely shaken, for we have seen them convicted of the most lamentable self-delusions. Now there has gone out from among us to explore India one who "neither had any prejudices to overcome nor theories to support," one who had no other guide than his own perceptions, in the keenness and accuracy of which his countrymen justly place very great reliance; and nothing is more likely than that such a man should discover facts of the highest importance in relation to our rule in India, which had been unnoticed by old residents in the country, or which had been remained for them barren of all instruction. Many such

\* *My Diary in India, in the Year 1858-9.* By William Howard Russell. LL.D., Special Correspondent of the *Times*. With illustrations. In two volumes. Published by Routledge and Co.

facts has Mr. Russell detected, and they are the more to be prized for the direct testimony he bears to their authenticity. A single paragraph, in which he tells us what he saw with his own keen eyes, and what were the reflections it suggested to him, may do more than heaps of blue-books, leading articles, and quarterly reviews to enlighten us on the subject of Indian policy. We will illustrate these remarks with an apologue, which we find ready to our hands, where our author describes his first landing at Calcutta.

"And about the dead Hindoos in the river?" said I to my friend, as we were going off in our boat towards the ghaut, a landing place in a strong, muddy tideway, gurgling through cables and hawsers of many ships. 'The dead Hindoos in the river? I declare to you,' quoth he, with much gravity, 'its all stuff. I have been for years in Calcutta, and never saw half a dozen in my—' 'Whew!' interrupted I, 'what a dreadful smell! God bless me! Look at that thing!' And down with the smiling tide came towards us, bloated, face downwards, with arms outstretched, a human body, bleached white where it was exposed to the air, and serving at once as a banquet and a perch to half a dozen crows and buzzards. Our rowers lazily lifted their oars to let 'it' float past, without a word. As we neared the landing-place we saw two more, dreadfully decomposed, churned about in an eddy. My friend was disconcerted a little. See how oddly the laws of evidence and observation often run. Had I come ashore at a few minutes earlier or later, I might have said 'the gentleman who accompanied me, and who has lived for a long time at Calcutta, assured me he had never seen half a dozen bodies in the Hooghly in ten years' time; and I am bound to say that I saw none in my voyage up the river.'"

It was during a drive on the crowded Course, the Rotten Row of Calcutta, that Mr. Russell caught his first glimpse of the relations between the English and the native races, and the sight was not very satisfactory or assuring. There was in the bearing of the former towards the latter

"Such insult offered as the arrogance of the most offensive aristocracy—that of complexion—can invent to those who by no means admit themselves to be the plebeians of the race. . . . It is striking, for the first time at all events,—but I suppose the impression soon dies away,—to see the metaphysical Mahratta ditch which separates the white people, not only from the natives, but from the Eurasians. They drive and ride in the same throng, apparently quite unconscious of each other's presence. . . . The high-capped Parsees, who are driving about in handsome carriages, are on better terms with the Europeans, as far as the interchange of salutations goes; but the general effect of one's impressions, derived from a drive on the Calcutta Course is, that not only is there no *rapprochement* between the Indian and the Englishman, but

that there is an actual barrier which neither desires to cross."

This impression was deepened by all Mr. Russell's subsequent experience in India. On the road he found that the bungalows built by government for the use of travellers, though in theory open to all, are in practice and reality reserved almost exclusively for Europeans. The camp he perceived to be full of significant, if small, indications of a mocking and unsympathizing spirit, which, no doubt, the native reciprocates:—

"Next to my griffinish wonder at the want of white faces, has been my regret to perceive the utter absence of any friendly relations between the white and the black faces when they are together. Here comes a trooper—a tall fine old fellow, with face as fair as that of many a sunburnt soldier from England—he carries a despatch for the lord sahib—he has ridden with it fifty miles through a country full of rebels. The old Sikh asks for the tent of the chief; he dismounts, sticks his lance in the ground, fastens his panting horse to it, and stalks in his long leather boots—his heels, perhaps, stuck up in a crease of the leather six inches above the sole—through the camp. It is ten to one if a soul notices him, and if he goes to a wrong tent he is saluted with an adjuration, and a request to go to a place far beyond the limits of the camp, by the angry young gentleman who has been disturbed in his 'Pendennis,' or in the contemplation of a fine 'ash.' The old soldier will follow his own sahib to the last; but for strange sahibs he has not much regard, and he thinks it's their nature to be rough and rude, and so he shuffles forth on his cruise, looking hopelessly about for the dera, till some kind mortal compassionates his distress. What is the old trooper's revenge? Why, he sticks in our service, saving up money and remitting it to his family—retires on his pension, and then, when his last hour is near, his last act is to try and get his name 'scratched,' so that he may not die in the service of the stranger."

"There is no such enemy to a black skin," says Mr. Russell, "as your Anglo-Saxon, who has done so much for liberty;" and at Simla he was impressed with a conviction that "there is certainly a change wrought in the character of many English people by their residence in India." For instance—

"The Judges of the Courts tell me they are much troubled by the pseudo-aristocratic prejudices of all classes of Europeans against paying their bills till they are forced into court. To-day an officer was summoned by his servant for wages due; and, as he had dismissed the man without payment, he was ordered to attend and give evidence in his defence. Instead of doing so, he wrote to the judge to say he hoped he would not be required to appear, as, in fact, the man had broken things of more value than the amount of his wages, adding—this,

mind, to the judge of the court!—he would take good care to put it out of the fellow's way to summons him again, as he had 'no notion of putting up with such conduct on the part of a dog of a native!'" Imagine how such a man would treat those who were placed under his command, or were subject to his jurisdiction, if he became, as very probably he will be, invested with magisterial functions."

Here is a scene which occurred at the breakfast-table of Lord William Hay, Deputy Commissioner of the Hill States:—

"June 16th, Wednesday.—I did not keep my resolution to lie in bed all day, but got up to breakfast. Poor Hodson's orderly came in with a message to Lord William Hay early in the morning. He is a tall, bright-eyed, white-toothed, slender Sikh, of a good expression of face, whose attachment to his master has now been transferred to his unhappy widow, who resides here with her son, Lieutenant Mitford. The brave fellow received his master in his arms as he fell mortally wounded, and carried him away from under fire. His gallantry proved in many a fight has not yet been rewarded as it should be, and the sower lives in hope, which I trust will one day be justified. Our breakfast would have afforded Lance a fine subject—splendid peaches, fine plums, greengages, and grapes—the plumage of hill-pheasants and sheen of arms in the background. I was rather amused at one of Hay's cases this morning. An officer entered and sat down at table. After compliment, as the natives say:—

*Briton* (*loquitur*)—"I say, Lord William, I want to ask your advice. Can I lick a fellow for serving me with a summons—a writ, you know?"

*Lord William*—"No. If you lick a man you must take the consequences. Do you owe the money?"

*Briton*—"Why, yes; but the d——d nigger came up and annoyed me, and I want to give him a hiding. It's too bad that gentlemen should be insulted in this way by those confounded impudent rascals about the courts."

*Lord William*—"Well; but you know these men must do their duty, and they must be protected in the discharge of it. As you have asked me, I must beg of you not to think of such a thing, or my assistant will have to notice the case."

*Briton*—"The whole country's going to the D——! How can you expect gentlemen to come here to be insulted by those bazaar blackguards and those confounded summon-servers? I'll lick——" etc., etc., etc. [*Exit.*]

Now we have had clear warning that our rule in India can never be safe while the present anti-social relations subsist between the governing and the subject races. The danger lies not alone in the secret enmity to which the latter are provoked, but in the extreme ignorance of the real feelings and of the inner social life of the people to which the English in India are condemned by their



own faults. This ignorance has existed in its full intensity side by side with the boasted experience of all but a very few of the highest minds among the administrators of India, and what it has already produced it will produce again unless it be abated. It may be that all moral confidence in the natives is destroyed, but in practice they must be largely trusted again, and trusted blindly so long as they are protected against scrutiny by the opaque barrier which the prejudices of Englishmen have raised up for their own stultification. We all know how the officers of many Sepoy regiments remained to the very moment of their murder incredulous of any possible treachery on the part of their men; yet warnings had not been wanting. Sir Thomas Monro had foretold, and Sir Charles Napier had long afterwards repeated the prediction, that when nothing else was left for us to conquer in India, we should have to conquer our own native army.

"Sir Colin and Mansfield declare they always had the same opinion of the Sepoys that they have now. 'God forgive me, it was the only time I ever wilfully lent myself to an untruth in my life, when I expressed myself satisfied with their conduct.' Why did our officers lend themselves to such deceit? It is a long answer to an embarrassing question. It was 'the

mode; '—more than that, an officer would be persecuted, hunted down, and ruined, who dared to tell the truth. I am assured, in the old days, a queen's officer who ventured to express an opinion, that the discipline of a Sepoy regiment was not perfect, would be insulted till he was forced to fight, and then had a host of enemies ready to put him under the sod with a bullet, or to stab him with their pens in the Indian press, which was quite dependent on the services, with a few exceptions, of volunteer writers and correspondents."

Anglo-Indians have learned to their cost that the native races are not to be propitiated by any amount of wilful blindness to their disaffection, and now perhaps our countrymen may begin to comprehend the necessity of devising some more practical means for their own security in the midst of millions whom it will be impossible to hold in subjection by force alone. Perhaps they may come at last to think with Mr. Russell that "the Anglo-Saxon and his congeners in India must either abate their strong *natural* feelings against the colored race, restrain the expression of their antipathies, or look forward to the day not far distant, when the indulgence of their passions will render the government of India too costly a luxury for the English people."

PERFUMES.—The French prepare more perfumes than any other people. In the south of France, and in Piedmont, vast crops of flowers are grown. Cannes and Nice furnish yearly about 13,000 lbs. of violet blossoms. Both cities are famous, also, for their orange blossoms, the latter producing 100,000 lbs., and the former double that quantity, and of a finer odor. Cannes abounds, too, in the *Acacia Farnesiana*, and affords yearly 9,000 lbs. of its finely scented blooms. Careful treatment is required to extract the etherial oils. These are so largely mingled with other vegetable juices, that 600 lbs. of rose-leaves yield only about an ounce of otto of roses. The orange blossom, however, is richer, and 500 lbs. of flowers yield about two lbs. of Neroly oil. One perfume manufactory at Cannes requires yearly about 140,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 20,000 lbs. of acacia blossoms, 140,000 lbs. of rose-leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jessamine blossoms, 20,000 lbs. of violets, and 8,000 lbs. of tuberose, besides many other fragrant materials.

MR. JOHN LIMBIRD is now said to have been one of the earliest pioneers in the cheap litera-

ture movement. His efforts were perseveringly resisted by the shrewdest publishers and booksellers of the time, none of whom foresaw the immense impulse which it was to give to their business. He began by starting the *Weekly Mirror*, at twopence a number. It was edited by Mr. Byerly, introduced into "The Percy Anecdotes" under the name of Reuben Percy. The booksellers refused even to enclose it in their parcels, yet of some numbers as many as 150,000 copies were sold. Possibly the necessity which compelled the selection of such agents as the shoemaker in Manchester, and the tinman in Coventry, was rather kind than cruel. The success of the *Mirror* induced Mr. Limbird to attempt a serial republication of standard works, also, in twopenny numbers. As soon as the policy of the attempt was shown, its philanthropy was readily acknowledged. The education of the masses became a favorite topic, and while it excited much real eloquence, afforded an excuse for at least an equal amount of frothy declamation. The reform in the management of publishing houses has, however, progressed, and we, who enjoy its results, should gratefully remember those who first proposed and labored for it.—*Journal*.

From The Saturday Review.  
THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

THERE is only one part of the French system of education that is at all striking or worth copying, and that is the great attention paid by the French to their own language. They not only make their young people understand the niceties of grammar and idiom, and familiarize them with the writings of the safer standard authors, but they lay great stress on proper pronunciation, and on all that goes to make up good expression of thought both in conversation and on paper. The consequence is that the French, both in talking and writing, express themselves better than any other people. We do not, however, wish to see the same system adopted in England merely that we may eclipse or rival the French in the arts of expression. We wish to see the regular and laborious study of English adopted as a part of English education, and especially of the education of girls, because there is no branch of education which is more educative, which leads to more practical and fertile results, and effects more thoroughly the objects at which education aims. The study of our own language has the great advantage of making us take great pains with regard to a subject which interests us throughout the whole of our lives. Every day we speak and write English, and if we once speak and write good English, we have the pleasure of practising constantly an art in which we excel. The study of English grammar, and of the construction of English sentences, has also the great advantage of giving just as much of an insight into logic and mental philosophy as can be gained without a much more thorough attention to those sciences than can be bestowed by women. Of course, it is important to have a second, and possibly a third, language to compare with the English; and English grammar is better understood when French grammar and German grammar are known. But unless the study of English is made the principal study, there is nothing illustrated by the materials of illustration. How good, again, it is that even ladies should speak with precision, everybody is agreed; but people are apt to suppose that precision in language—the right use of the right words—comes all of itself, like the babies in the strawberry-beds. It is on the contrary, so difficult to talk or write precisely, that the art is one which well-educated people go on learning to the end of their lives. We may add that the knowledge of the English language has the attraction of giving a stamp that is wholly out of the reach of vulgar imitation. Every process of female education is copied from the higher by the lower classes. The

daughters of the smallest country tradesmen speak French and German, play Beethoven, draw chalk heads, and write bills in the most elegantly sloped handwriting. But at present none but ladies can speak English; and as even they have ample room for advancing in correctness and delicacy of language, they may soothe the labor which the study of English will cost them by reflecting that they will thus retain their relative superiority in the point where it is most incontestable. The time may come when all the subjects of some descendant of the queen will speak perfect English; but that will be in the happy days when every Englishman will dine off roast beef.

At this particular period of history, it is more particularly necessary that English should be studied than it is ordinarily. For the language is liable to a great risk of deterioration. It is spoken in every quarter of the globe, and by millions of persons exposed to very different influences. The worst aberrations from purity of style thus produced are not very likely to prevail in the mother country, where the standard will always be mainly set by persons of high cultivation. But lesser faults are likely to be adopted even here, and especially when they are adopted from admiration of a bad model. The example, perhaps, is first set by some favorite author. He is slightly imitated here. This imitation sets the fashion in America. He is greatly imitated there; and then this increase of imitation tells on us, and he is imitated here ten times as much as before. Several authors, for instance, whom we do not care to particularize, have fostered the habit of using grand vague expressions which conceal a very small amount of meaning under a seemingly deep and epigrammatic word or phrase. This has been copied and recopied until even clever people have come to employ terms that are supposed to be profound and startling, but which have either no meaning, or a meaning most remotely connected with that which the terms employed ought to convey. A book has very recently been published in America, containing the literary remains of a great literary star, Margaret Fuller Ossoli. A casual reader may open on an essay upon the writings of Emerson, and he will there find a passage in which the lady informs us that "the lectures of Emerson were not so much lectures as theogonies. If she had gone on to say that they were even more like brickbats than theogonies, she would scarcely have added to the obscurity of her expression. The authors whom she admired had taught her to jump at hard, mysterious words when she was not quite sure what she meant to say, and she jumped at "theog-

ony," and evidently thought she had managed to do herself credit, and throw new and important light on the value of Emerson's writings. Nor is it only because the wide circle of popular admiration tends to produce a repetition of the faults of popular authors that English deserves especial study now, but also because there are now many terms being introduced into the language which, legitimate and useful in themselves, ought to be employed with the greatest caution. These terms are borrowed generally from Continental nations, and are useful because they express at once the looseness and extent of modern thought, but are dangerous because they may easily be made to cover an entire haziness and thinness of thought. As examples, we may give such expressions as "the Eastern or Italian question," "development," "influence," "interests," "officious," "aesthetic," "subjective." It is foolish to avoid such expressions altogether. They are not to be ranked with calling lectures theogonies; but they are indefinite terms, and can only be used by precise thinkers and writers with the due degree of want of precision. Frenchmen, and Englishmen who have adopted a Continental style, often use such expressions so carelessly and profusely that the little thought they have to convey melts away in the vapor of their language.

It is certainly, much easier to lay down generally that English should be studied than to say how it is to be studied. But the study must evidently be divided into two branches—the study of the language itself, and the study of the authors who have written it best. The mere rules of grammar may be assumed to be known. The next step is to understand the principles on which these rules are founded. Then comes the examination into the meaning of the words, and the distinction between words having a superficial resemblance. Fortunately, this portion of the general subject has been treated by writers so able and interesting as Archbishop Whately and Dean Trench. There is also much labor to be expended in acquiring the art of continuous narrative, and this is a point to which especial attention is very sensibly directed in French education. Young people cannot be expected to compose original essays worth much, but they may learn how to give summaries of what they read, and to tell a story straight through without losing the point, hurrying to the conclusion, or wandering into unnecessary details. Few persons, again, can say what they mean, or know what they mean to say. By nature, perhaps, we have all got a rudimentary tendency to call Emerson's lectures theogonies, although good influences

and good fortune have nipped this tendency in the bud. Proper education would, we may be sure, have prevented the unhappy American lady who used this expression from employing it. It is within the power of teachers to do very much to produce purity and accuracy of expression. They can make their pupils write their best. They can cut out all the hard and fine words, and, having first made the intended sense clear, they can have it expressed in the simplest possible language. At present, the teachers would probably find themselves rather incompetent to teach English, but, if a resolution were made that this should be the chief part of education, so much intelligence and industry would be directed into the channel that English would be taught properly. At first, there would be a great deal of pedantry, and rules would be taught and enforced with a silly minuteness. But there must be a beginning to every thing, and soon English would be at least as well taught as Greek is at a public school.

The study of English means, however, a great deal more than the study of style. It means the study of English literature, an acquaintance with the thoughts of the greatest Englishmen, and a knowledge of their lives and actions. Hardly any feeling is more valuable to cultivate than a pride in England founded on knowledge, just as few feelings are more dangerous and absurd than a national pride founded on ignorance. If persons of ordinary education had been made in youth to read carefully a large portion of the English classics, had studied in detail the critical periods of English history, and had been taught to picture to themselves the lives and characters of eminent Englishmen, they would have through life a basis of self-respect, and a very valuable standard of taste. It would be going a great deal too far to say that any education whatever will entirely preserve each generation from its own favorite errors of taste. In spite of all their training, and of their acquaintance with their standard authors, the French are continually guilty of literary faults unrivalled in England. We have never got quite so low as to think we could produce an effect by breaking up a paragraph into a series of sentences printed separately. But in England there is much more literary activity than in France, and every improvement made here would tell much more certainly and rapidly than there. There are many books that impose on British readers which we may be sure would be unpalatable to a public accustomed from childhood to read the best English and imbued with the sound English sense of this and preceding generations. It must be remembered, also, that

in this country we all start with a knowledge of a book written in the best style that the country can show. The English Bible is a masterpiece of English, and a very little attention directed to its excellences would make these excellences a standard of what English should be. Of course, differences of taste will still prevail. There is no one form of style that is in itself the best. The English of De Quincey or Lord Macaulay is as good as the English of Southey or Addison. For most purposes a simple style is most suitable; and it has the great advantage that, when attained, it does not bear the impress of obvious imitation; whereas an admirer of De Quincey or Lord Macaulay is detected at once, and loses a portion of his credit because he seems to shine in borrowed feathers. A quiet style, very intelligible, and only brilliant or pointed because it is the vehicle of lively thought, is the most effective for most purposes to most minds. The English of Mr. Thackeray, for example, is as good working English as has ever been written. But this is all we can say. Ornate, elevated, and sonorous English is capital in its way and in its proper place; and nothing could be more undesirable than to instil a pedantic notion that there was some great idol of style to whom all should bow down. If young people are made acquainted with the best models of different styles, they will choose for their own favorite reading the one with which their native tastes have most affinity.

In some of the places of public and private education the study of English has already been made a part of the course of instruction. Experience only will show how far this can be advantageously extended. For boys, the study of the classical languages and of mathematics is the great requisite, in favor of which almost every thing

else must be sacrificed. It is at home that the study of English should be chiefly promoted for boys. But for girls it might be made the chief part of education. All good judges and good teachers lament the present system of girls' education. It is all cramming, and with such very poor results. After all is over, girls know very little and care about less. Most girls are decidedly stupid, and what good can cramming of the most barren and repulsive kind do to stupid girls? We should consider what we want women to be. That they should be trained to be good and generous is by far the first thing, but we must not consider that part of their education now. The next thing is that they should be well-mannered and healthy. The third requisite is that they should know how to express themselves—should have a right standard in judging books and men, and public and private life. This is chiefly to be acquired by the study of English. The fourth requisite is that they should know how to bear rule in a household; and, as we said last week, the study of cookery is a very important aid in gaining this knowledge. These are all the essentials; for we are to suppose writing, arithmetic, and geography learnt as matters of course in early childhood. For not one of these essentials is cramming at all necessary. The gain of knowing French is in many ways so great that its acquisition should also in most cases be made compulsory; and if a young lady has a turn for music or drawing, she may as well cultivate it. But if education is not to be a mere system of cramming, it is obvious how much the importance of studying English will be increased; for it is here that the real honest labor of education will be bestowed, and it is here that education, once begun, will never be ended through life.

THE two last numbers of the "Contribution to the Theory of Lodes," edited by Baron Cotta, Professor of the Theory of Veins, in the Mining Academy of Freiburg, in Saxony, are almost exclusively occupied with a treatise by Oscar M. Lieber, State Geologist of South Carolina, on "The Itacolumite, its Associates and the Occurrence of metals in the same." The Itacolumite, or elastic sandstone occurs, so far as known, only in the Ural, the East Indies, Brazil, and South Carolina, where Mr. Lieber, we believe first discovered it, and is, in many re-

spects, of the highest interest to the geologists and scientific miner. The elastic sandstone has always been considered to be a sure indication of the presence of diamonds.—*Tribune*.

ISAAC TAYLOR, who still delights to be known as "the author" of his first work of mark, "The Natural History of Enthusiasm" is bringing out a work certain to command readers, entitled "Ultimate Civilization." A collected edition of his numerous writings is among the literary desiderata of the day.—*Tribune*.



From The Saturday Review.  
THE GREAT FIGHT.

WE can venture to speak of the great event fixed for the 16th of April without any danger of not being understood. It is beginning to be known, even in circles where sporting newspapers are never seen, that the fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan, called the Benicia Boy, is to take place on the day named; and it is evident to every one who observes what is passing in society, that both in Great Britain and the United States this battle is regarded with an unusually deep and extensive interest. The explanation of this change of sentiment towards prize-fighting is to be found, we think, in various circumstances. In the first place, the international character which has been ascribed to the approaching contest gives to it an importance which an ordinary match between two Englishmen, arranged perhaps for the benefit of a few sporting publicans, could not claim. We are by no means sure that this match has not attained its world-wide fame contrary to the intention of the parties principally concerned. It is of course the business of Tom Sayers, as champion of England, to answer all worthy challengers; but we believe that his opponent rather declines the honor which has been thrust upon him of representing the pugilism of America. He is reported to have said that he has come to England to fight Tom Sayers, because he wishes to fight him, and for no other reason. Nevertheless, the public appears to be determined to look upon the Benicia Boy as the champion of the United States, and to treat the issue of this fight as a matter of national importance.

But it seems to us there is another and a deeper reason why prize-fighting is likely to regain some of the consideration which it enjoyed fifty years ago. The truth is, that the minds of men are being carried more and more every day towards the subjects which chiefly interested them when the ring was supported by the wealthy and the noble, just as openly and generally as the race-course now is. Amid the din of prolonged war, prize-fighting reached its highest, as in the slumber of profound peace it sunk to its lowest point. There is much in the modern proceedings of the ring which nobody can defend, and much more which many will dislike; but as soon as it is generally felt that fighting in sober earnest may possibly become every man's highest duty, any imitation of actual battle which calls forth courage, skill, and perseverance, is certain to acquire popularity, in spite of adjuncts which are coarse and brutal, and such as sensitive natures shrink from with intense disgust. In a country where it is known that honor

and property are only safe so long as its citizens are ready to fight in their defence, the nature which loves fighting for its own sake will always command respect. A man like Tom Sayers, who left his business as a brick-layer from mere devotion to boxing, possesses, we may say, a character which, in proportion as it prevails among Englishmen, will make this country feared abroad and safe at home. We hope and believe that there are many thousands like him in strength and spirit, but sticking to their business, whatever it be, steadily, and yet ready for a fight with any one who may think fit to challenge them, and looking upon the use of arms, not as a disagreeable duty, but as a pleasant interlude in the daily routine of life.

It may surprise some persons, but it is nevertheless true, that Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy furnish at the present moment an example which deserves to be generally imitated. For what, let us ask, is the course of training which these champions must undergo at their country quarters during the weeks which precede the fight? The first principle necessary to be observed is "to keep the body in temperance, soberness, and chastity." Indeed, the leading rules which guide the judicious trainer might almost all be found in the New Testament. "To keep under the body, and bring it into subjection," is a precept of which no one knows the value better than the successful prize-fighter. The maxim, "so run that ye may obtain," is frequently forgotten by the candidates for literary and scientific and forensic eminence, but never by the aspirant to the honor of the champion's belt. The boxer knows that he is nothing without training, and accordingly, he trains diligently. But, as the *Oracle of the Ring* puts it, "the mass of mankind who indulge in excesses of every kind—in too much eating, drinking, sleep, sloth, smoking, etc.—would go through the task of life, would discharge their respective duties much better, far quicker, and with vastly greater ease to themselves, did they submit to training." We believe this is true of every one of life's duties; but it is in an eminent degree true of a duty which many men have lately undertaken to perform—we mean the duty of volunteer riflemen. A great part of the doubt which veteran officers entertain as to the utility of volunteers would be dissipated if the precepts laid down for general training in *Fistiana* were diligently acted upon during the next three months. We should then see bodies of active, patient, volunteer soldiers ready to bear at least as much fatigue as any regiment of the line, and to bear it with more cheerfulness. "It is not demanded of professional men that they should train rigidly like the boxer.



Their occupations would not permit it; but to imitate his mode of training as far as circumstances will allow." The training which is here recommended depends only upon diet and exercise. A man who had habitually practised it lately showed himself able, at more than seventy years of age, to walk from London to Canterbury. "Depend upon it," says the author of *Fistiana*, "that man had been a temperate, a sober, nay, a chaste man." He bids his readers look for their examples to the savages of North America, "whose lives from childhood to old age were a long, hard course of rigid training." Those savages, he says, were ever watchful, ever exercising themselves. They commanded their passions. They became tough as the ash of their mountains. They consumed what nature required, and no more. And this is the model which the boxer must set before himself in training, and which should also be studied by every Englishman who desires to serve his country with the full capacity which Heaven has given him. The boxer's mode of life ought to be so simple and natural that it is to be feared that in London only a distant imitation of it would be possible. He is to rise with the sun, and in summer-time he is also to go to bed with it. His food is to be beef and mutton, plainly cooked, country-made bread, and a very moderate allowance of genuine home-brewed beer. If possible, let him avoid tea and coffee altogether; but if the habit of taking them cannot be wholly laid aside, he must be content to drink them cold. But he will do far better to give them up entirely, and to take at his breakfast water-gruel. "At any hour of the day or night let no man who seeks health deny himself all-potent water-gruel." Perhaps we cannot better convey a notion of the strictness of the precepts set forth in *Fistiana* than by saying that water-gruel is the only luxury with regard to which the author omits to insist upon his golden rule of "moderation—moderation—moderation."

Such, then, are the limits of sensual enjoyment prescribed to the combatants in the interval before the fight. Of the active duties of a boxer in training—of his walking, running, sparring with his preceptor, pummelling away at stuffed sacks, and wielding clubs and dumb-bells—it is enough to say, that when the day of battle comes, it is often

felt as a relief from the more severe punishment of the preparation. Many a pugilist has exulted in his escape from his trainer's hands into his adversary's, just as, in armies where a severe discipline prevails, the actual duties of a campaign come to be looked upon as a sort of holiday. And we believe, from the character of the men, that the 16th of April will be awaited by Sayers and Heenan in the same cheerful spirit. It is to be hoped that the American's demand for a fair field and no favor will be conceded. If the ring is ever to regain its ancient reputation, the first step will be to make sure that all the proceedings in it are above suspicion of partiality in umpires, or of dishonesty in combatants. If that condition could be fulfilled, we think that neither the danger to life and limb, nor the repulsive features of a prize-fight, would prevent these exhibitions from now recovering a good deal of the popularity which they enjoyed during the last great war. Even Mr. Williams, who is so shocked at military and naval flogging, has counted the fists of Lambeth among the means of defence available against a French invasion. Certainly, if there were in Lambeth ten thousand volunteers capable of administering to an enemy the terrible upper-cut of the champion, we might safely reckon upon them to put *hors de combat* a large hostile force by the use only of the cheapest and simplest of all weapons. We venture to suggest that, after the opinion he has expressed of the value of pugilistic skill, it would be only right of Mr. Williams to display the champion's colors in the House of Commons. We are told that they are made of the finest silk, and that the design is most beautifully executed. It is, "the standard of England in the centre, the British lion rampant in each corner, upon a cream-colored ground, with a crimson border." This must be a very neat thing, and would look uncommonly well upon Mr. Williams. But whoever wears these colors, we do hope that they will be sullied by no unfairness towards a foreigner whose friends upon the field may be but few. If the ring can on this occasion prove itself capable of honesty, the world will not in future be so much surprised, as probably it now is, on hearing that patience, temperance, and self-control are often displayed by prize-fighters in a very high and rare degree.

From The Ladies' Companion.

# WHITE-LADIES.

## CHAPTER I.

"QUICK, quick! here, sir, for mercy's sake, if you can swim!—here's a drowning man, and not a soul to help!"

This startling cry came to me, through the mists of a November afternoon, across the Ifley meadows, where I was walking. A half-minute's run to the river—the sight of a cockleshell-boat overturned, and some dark object rising to the surface—then a plunge, a grasp, a mighty trial of my utmost strength. The man who had called out leaned over the brink and relieved me of that dead weight—I leaped out on the bank, and—a human life was saved!

I saw the poor fellow between blankets at the nearest cottage, and having waited till the surgeon from Oxford could report that his patient was quite out of danger, and rapidly coming round, hurried back to my rooms at "Exeter." Then—for I was too late for Hall, and in my excited state could not have touched any thing to eat—I got into my dressing-gown and slippers, boiled my kettle, made a coffee-pot full of strong coffee, and took my pipe, meditating, while I smoked, on the strange revulsion of feeling wrought in me by this afternoon's adventure. In order to make this intelligible to my readers, they must allow me to say something of myself and my circumstances.

I was the eldest of a large family in Cornwall, and now keeping my fourth Oxford term. I knew, and felt painfully, I dare say more than those who made them, all the sacrifices it cost to send me to college—my father's port cashiered after dinner, my mother's faded silks, the hundred family economies, and, worse than all beside, little Agatha, my favorite sister, threatened with a spinal complaint, and lying patient and smiling on an inclined plane; I knew, though they tried to keep it from me, the real reason why the child was not taken up to London at once for the best advice. Well! there was a scholarship in the college, the value sixty-five pounds a year, to be competed for. I had no great talent or brilliancy, but I could work hard, and I had worked honestly for this great help. Everybody told me I was sure to get it, and I came to think so myself. To cut the story short—after four days of harassing examination, that morning had found me a disappointed man. The prize fell to a man of another college, whose work was so far superior to my own that I had not even the common consolation of laying the blame of my defeat on the heads of

the examiners. A slight, puny-looking fellow was my successful rival, a perfect contrast to myself; and in the first smart of my disappointment I had weighed my thews and sinews against his brain. The first-stroke in our college eight-oar, the fleetest runner on the cricket-ground, how heartily I had that afternoon despised the distinctions which I had hitherto been so proud of. I was worthless—good for nothing at Oxford; better be off to the back-woods at once, where my animal qualities might stand me in some stead. Actually, my mind was half made up to emigrate to Canada when, that cry for help had rung in my ears.

Now, what a change had passed over me! As I came in, hurrying through the quadrangle, I had met our just-elected scholar in his bran-new scholar's gown. I did not envy him one bit; I even held my head higher as I passed him. My "animal qualities" and their owner were on the best terms possible. With my strength, with this right arm, I had saved a life—a human life! I repeated it over and over again to myself—my heart was light within me—I felt the civic crown upon my brow.

"It was better for that man to-day," I said, half-aloud, "that I could run like a greyhound, and swim like an otter, than if I had been able to write the best Greek verses or the neatest bit of Latin ever sent up in an examination. I wish I could do that too, though," I thought, with a sigh for my lost scholarship, as I got out my desk to write to my mother. But I sat still, with the blank paper before me. My mind having once laid hold of a pleasant train of thought, held it with a tenacious grasp; it would take me back, in spite of myself, to the half-drowned man. I felt a natural curiosity to find out who he was, and something about him. His name I had already learned from the address on a letter taken out of his pocket—"Henry Marsden, Esq., Ch. Ch., Coll., Oxford, England, via Marseilles." This address was in a lady's hand, and the letter bore an Indian postmark. I got down my calendar, and found "Henry Marsden, Ch. Ch.," in the matriculation-list of the present term. "Marsden, Marsden!" where had I seen that name before? "I have it now!" I exclaimed, as I ferreted among some Calcutta newspapers sent over by an old school-chum of mine out there; "here's the name over and over again—Sir John Marsden—he seems quite the hero of the paper. Ay! knighted, I see, for important services; here, again." I went on, marking down the columns with my pipe. "Sir John and Lady Marsden! Then his father and mother are

in India; that accounts for the lady's handwriting on that Indian letter." I jumped to these hasty conclusions as a young man would be apt to do, and for once these hasty conclusions were right. So here I knew a good deal already about this man, while I pleased myself to think that I had saved his life in a strict *incognito*. None of the people about the cottage knew me; for my part, I should mention the accident to nobody in Oxford. I was glad to think that Mr. Marsden would never find me out, if he should have a wish to do so. As I watched the smoke-spirals of my pipe, I dwelt upon this thought with intense satisfaction. I imagined all sorts of fine things I should say to myself when I saw him at St. Mary's, or he passed me as a stranger in the street. This feeling was, no doubt, mainly attributable to my very shy and nervous temperament.

Next morning I had come down considerably from my heroics, and was trying hard to make some sense out of one of those crabbed passages in Aristotle, which one might fancy he had written with the malicious purpose of adding the brains of Oxford men, when a tap came at my door. Directly afterwards my river-side acquaintance of the previous afternoon entered—a low, ill-looking fellow enough in broad daylight. My new friend had evidently been very drunk over night; indeed, he was scarcely sober now; and as he had told his story, no doubt, to several different people that morning, and got a glass of something from each in return, he brought with him into my room a strong flavor of that peculiar compound called in the gin-shops "All Nations."

"Beg parding, sir," he began in a thick voice, bringing his forefinger quickly down from his forehead, that he might lay both hands on the table to steady his legs; "beg parding, sir, but you're Mr. Arnott—leastways it's writ up above your door."

Yes, I was Mr. Arnott, and particularly busy that morning. I saw that my visitor was in a highly loquacious state.

"Then, sir, I've got a bit of paper 'ere for you," replied the man, taking from his hat a crumpled note, which bore every token of having travelled up and down a good deal in that vehicle. "Why, sir, you slipped away like a heel yesterday, and Mr. Marsden worritting as soon as he come to hisself, and knew what had happened, to know where you was. That was more nor me nor anybody else could tell him, for no one knowed you. So he says to me, when we'd got him back and all comfortable in his rooms, he says, like the gem'man as he is—'Now, Jenkins, I owe you a good deal; but mind, not a

penny more nor this 'alf soverink to drink my 'elth with shall you have till you've found out the gem'man as jumped into the river.' 'Leave that to me, sir,' says I; 'he's a college gent, I'm pretty sure; anyhow, I'll find him.' And so, Mr. Arnott, 'ere I am."

Mr. Jenkins made a long pause, looking as if he had a benevolent desire to drink my "elth" likewise; but seeing no chance afforded him of putting it into execution, he made his bow and departed.

I opened the note, which ran as follows: "Excuse me, but I can't write in a formal style to the man who saved my life yesterday. I feel restless till I have seen you; and if you will not come over to me, I must, in spite of the doctor's orders, put myself in a cab and find you out. Pray call on me. I promise not to thank you, if you don't like thanks."

I think few men could have refused to obey this summons. I threw on my cap and gown, and went to Ch. Ch. directly. My new friend—I call him so at once, because we both felt that the earnest gaze into each other's face, that long, silent pressure of the hand between us, had made us friends for life—my new friend was lying on a sofa, looking pale, indeed, but not much the worse for his mishap.

"Ah! I see I must not thank you," he said, after a few minutes. "Well! there is one who could will thank you far better than I could hope to do; and I believe that my life is as much, if not more, to her than it is to myself."

As he spoke, he directed my attention to a picture which stood up against the wall in an open packing-case. I looked first at it, and then back again to his face; no one could have mistaken the relationship between him and the original. The portrait was that of a remarkably handsome woman in the prime of life; she might be forty, certainly not older—her son was perhaps half her age. Mother and son were strikingly alike. They had the same features, the same dark hair and eyes; the most marked difference between them lay in this, that the black eyebrows of the portrait joined. This gave a certain severe air to the face, belied, however, by those tender and gracious lips. Afterwards, when I came to know the picture and the living face so well, I recognized in both the stamp of unusual force of character, and unswerving, undaunted will. These characteristics were kept down in the young man's countenance by a rare frank, open-hearted expression; they were veiled in the portrait by its prevailing sentiment, most perfectly rendered by an artist of great merit.

For he had divined the mother's heart while she sat to him; all her thousand loving thoughts of the son, to whom she would send this memorial of herself; the regrets of absence, the longings for his return; the whole world which lies in a mother's hopes, her pride and her affections. And the exquisite expression of these feelings centred on one object made the flower, the perfume, the light of this picture, and gave it all the tender grace of a Madonna.

Marsden lay watching me as I looked at his mother's portrait; he was evidently pleased to see the impression it made on me. "It has been a long while coming," he said; "I expected it months back; but it only came by last mail, and got here last night. Good Heavens!" he started up, "I tremble when I think of the news next mail might have taken out to them!"

We cemented our friendship in true Oxford fashion, with a pipe together, and made our mutual confidences over it. I found Marsden's frank openness contagious. I astonished myself; shy, reserved fellow as I had always been with everybody, I could yet talk to this man as if I had known him all my life. I told him every thing; described the dear old home down in Cornwall; told him about my scholarship disappointment, my reading, my hopes, my plans for the future, and he was equally communicative. He had no sisters, he said, and only one brother, four years younger than himself; the two had been sent over to England when Marsden was about ten years old. In consequence of a sad accident on board ship, his brother had continued a hopeless invalid, and was under the care of a clergyman's family in Devonshire. Marsden himself had passed the intervening years at a public school, whence he was now come up to the university. His career had been long planned out, he said; he was only to take a common degree, and then proceed at once to India, where a subaltern post, under his father, would be provided for him. He looked forward to rejoining his parents, but did not seem otherwise to anticipate his Indian life. "I have hardly ambition enough for it," he added, smiling: "I don't think I have any ambition at all."

"Had he not?" I replied, glancing at the portrait, and thinking that if this were the case, there must be one great point of contrast between Lady Marsden and her son.

"No," he repeated, following the direction of my eye, "I have no ambition at all; but I suppose that will come with years and circumstances. I shall go out without any misgivings when the time arrives. My mother has been, all along, the secret of my father's success: she will be the secret of mine."

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We both felt, when we separated, that that day had put a new interest in our lives. A friendship in heart and soul had sprung up between us, its growth as rapid as the growth of the prophet's gourd; yet through all the years that have passed over our heads since, not one leaf has fallen, not one blossom withered. Nor did the root of our brotherhood lie in this, that I had rendered this man a service which a Newfoundland dog might have done him. There was some bond between our natures which, under whatever circumstances we might have met, made us predestined friends. Once in a human lifetime, between those who are still young, such a firm, yet sudden friendship may spring up like a firm, yet sudden love.

Marsden had said that his mother would thank me, and so indeed she did. I have her letter still, so noble, so full of gracious gratitude, my own mother shed tears when she read it. And that man must have been a churl in spirit who could not have taken the accompanying gift as generously as it was given: it was the bounty of a queen. Nor did Lady Marsden forget me afterwards; there was always some graceful message to her son's friend in those long letters which came to him so regularly by every mail. Those long letters, I have never read any others like them. You might find the whole volume of the writer's life bound up in them—a volume to which her portrait made a fitting frontispiece; a life led with one single aim—that her hopes for her son might be fulfilled, her dreams of his future greatness realized. That correspondence included a whole education for his future career. She sent over papers, statistics to be examined; pointed out the dangers she foresaw, and the means of averting them; laid before him details, projects, plans—all with that wonderful force and clearness a powerful intellect brings to bear on a subject to which the whole of its resources are devoted. How often, and how vividly have recent events in India brought many passages from that correspondence to my mind! But I am only giving one phase of it; there were letters which you might have thought their writer only lived to write, with such charm and vividness did she press into their service the most trivial incidents of her every-day life. The happiest turns of thought, every treasure of the heart and brain, which pen and ink will convey, were lavished on her correspondent. Add, that underlying all there was a deep current of the tenderest feeling, that they breathed throughout a perfume of the highest, most noble sentiment, and you will understand that those letters held a talisman powerful to keep a young man back from aught which might shame the kiss of

such a mother. I was not surprised, when I came to read them, that her memory should be as vivid to her son, his affection as intense, as if he had left her only the day before. I saw how, through all those years of absence, through the changes by which the child grows up into the man, that mother's heart had taught her the secret to keep him as much her own as when he lisped at her knee.

#### CHAPTER II.

ALL this time I feel as if I had hardly kept faith with my readers, inasmuch as hitherto no clue has been given, nor indeed reference made of any sort, to the title affixed to my story. As a man of honor, therefore, I find myself nearing this point with a sort of relief. Be it known then that White-ladies was the name of an old house, lying and situate, as lawyers say, about half a mile from the coast village of Hartford, in Dorsetshire. It was at White-ladies that Harry and I—for from Marsden and Arnott, we had become Harry and Arthur to each other now—spent three months of his first long vacation; I went down with him there in the capacity of private tutor, or, in Oxford parlance, coach. Lucky fellow that he was! he had no need to work hard for a first class, as I was working; still his parents laid much stress on his taking a degree as soon as possible, and he had a good deal of reading to get through; so with his studies and my own, I had not much idle time on my hands that summer.

Hartford is a pretty village on a point of the Dorset coast, which is quite near enough to Devon to reflect the beauties of the sister-county. I was the more glad of an opportunity to visit it, because the patron of this small living, a relative of our family, had promised to give it me at the death of the incumbent, then a man close upon seventy. Here then was to be my home in time to come: these were the people among whom I should live and work, if it pleased God to spare me. You may fancy that I saw my future parishioners with a good deal of interest, and that I looked with no common curiosity at the parsonage, situated on the outskirts of the straggling village, in the opposite direction to White-ladies. That little laughing parsonage, lying in a valley, lapped in sunshine and in roses, seemed the very antipodes to the grim old house, which looked down frowning and solitary from a height, as it had looked down for three centuries and upwards. White-ladies, as you may divine from its name, had been a convent before the Reformation. Fancy a long irregular structure of gray stone, surrounded by trees, cypress, yews, and elms, knotted,

and twisted into fantastic shapes in their efforts to escape from the sea-breezes, and looking coeval with the building itself; imagine range above range of those narrow, conventual windows, each divided by a single mullion into two lancet lights, the heavy-ribbed oaken door under its gothic arch, quaint projections, gray gables, and turrets, and over all dark ivies clinging, and the Virginian-creeper trailing her autumn glories; imagine all this, and you may set the old house before your mind as I saw it for the last time, as it rises to my memory while I write. On the solitary house, with its old trees standing round it, its soft grass slopes in front—flowers there were none—a painter's eye might well have lingered with delight; how was it then that the single image White-ladies presented to my mind from the very first day I saw it, an image so vivid as to be absolutely painful, was that of an intense solitude, an irremediable desolation, a life in death? How was it that no sunshine which fell upon that house seemed to warm or light it up? Why should the threshold look as if the feet of children had never pattered there? those narrow windows as if at no time a joyous glance could have flashed forth through their casements? Why should the summer wind have only such mournful secrets to whisper in the elms? why did the voice of the sea come up hushed into an endless wail? Nonsense! it was only that perverse fancy of mine "sending sad shadows over things not sad," after its accustomed wont; it was simply a curious rambling old place, not very cheerful certainly, but comfortable quarters enough for a couple of Oxford men, blessed with sufficient animal spirits to defy the dulllest country house, and plenty of reading on their hands; could there be a better place for reading without interruption? So I shook off my first impression of White-ladies.

The house had always been Marsden's home in holiday times. It was the property of Mr. Paulet, his maternal grandfather. When we were there (this might perhaps account for its gloomy appearance), White-ladies was partially shut up, being left in charge of a man-servant and his wife; for its master was spending the summer at some German springs, in hope of finding a remedy for that incurable disease—old age. Harry and I were thus completely our own masters, and a very happy, long vacation we had of it down there. We read a good deal, boated and fished in spare times, and as Christian, Mr. Paulet's man, contrived somehow to find us up a couple of very tolerable horses, were often in the saddle. Our main equestrian excursions were to a village about eight miles off, where the clergyman, a Mr.



Amyott, lived, with whom Harry's brother had been placed. The living of Watfield, Mr. Amyott's cure, was so small, that the £200 a-year paid with Edward Marsden must have been a most important, if not an absolutely necessary addition to the vicar's income. Poor Edward Marsden was indeed, as his brother had said, a hopeless invalid. During the passage to England he had fallen overboard, and in his rescue the sailors struck his head violently against the side of the ship; the poor boy's brain had been seriously injured by this double accident; he became subject from that time to epileptic fits, and had it not been for the tender care he received at the vicarage, would, most likely, have lapsed into a state of complete idiocy. There was a very large family of the Amyotts; so many children of all sizes, that I thought, the first day we spent there, they never would have done coming into the room. Every one of them, from the youngest to the oldest, showed a sort of devotion to their poor charge, and there could hardly be a prettier, more touching sight in the world, than to see the whole family group, healthy and sound, both in body and mind, by turns soothing, amusing, cheering, lightening, in every way that most melancholy form of human suffering.

Those were pleasant days, and by no means few nor far between, that we passed at Watfield. We came in and out as we liked, had merry games with the boys and some of the younger girls, mere children, and every bit as rough as their brothers, strolled about with book and pencil, and had at times a quiet, pleasant talk with Mr. Amyott, a pale, gentlemanly man, with the shadow of a settled disappointment in his face. He never seemed to interfere in any way with his wife's arrangements, but shut himself up a good deal in his study, where, I used to fancy, he took refuge from a host of vexations and minor troubles; for, to tell the truth, the vicar had been very unfortunate in his marriage. The younger son of a good, but by no means wealthy family, he had been brought up by a rich uncle, who sent him to college and openly proclaimed him his heir. So far Paul Amyott bid fair to be a prosperous man, and would have been, no doubt, had he not managed during an idle, long vacation, to fall desperately in love with his sisters' governess, a pretty, artful creature, who danced like a sylph, and had a brilliant touch on the piano-forte. The young man's fancy was so completely caught, and the lady contrived matters, as she thought, so cleverly, that they got married during the next Christmas, at some London church, she going back to her situ-

ation, and he to college, at the end of the holidays, without any of his friends being a bit the wiser. But the Fates seem to take an especial pleasure in outwitting cunning devices, and this the governess found to her cost: before the next summer, and while the family were in deepest mourning for its head, she was obliged to confess her clandestine marriage. Her husband's uncle was so incensed that he would never see his nephew again, altered his will at once, and left every penny to some distant relative. Nor was this all; Paul Amyott's father, looking upon him as the heir to a large fortune, had left him a merely nominal legacy, so that all this accomplished young lady had secured was a marriage with a man as poor as herself, for whom she had no particular affection, and into a family who heartily hated and despised her. Indeed, it was not an easy thing to like Mrs. Paul Amyott. What a dreary experience it must have been for her husband, as the varnish of good looks, dancing, and piano-forte playing wore off, to find in the wife of his bosom—bought at so dear a rate—a coarse, common-minded woman, pretentious, talkative, vain, with the manners of a waiting maid, and that vulgar, officious sort of good-nature which offends everybody! Mrs. Amyott bestowed a good deal of this irritating good-nature on her two guests. She generally managed to secure my arm when we were out walking, and honored me with confidences without end. She was never tired, she would say, of talking about Harry; he was almost, if not *quite*, a son. They had known him ever since he was that high, making a diminutive standard of height with that plump hand of hers. Then she would lay it upon my arm.

"Ah! I loved him from the first, for his mother's sake. She and I were schoolfellows, you know." (Mrs. Amyott had been governess-pupil in the London school where Lady Marsden was educated.) "Dear Helen Paulet! how fond she was of me, to be sure. We were always together. Such a beautiful girl she was—a regular dark beauty. She and I were reckoned the belles of the school. Night and Morning the girls used to call us."

Here there was a simper and a pause, while her listener managed to get rid of the hand from his arm. It came on again directly after, though, with an intensely confidential gripe.

"You see Lady Marsden's letters, I dare say, Mr. Arnott? I suppose she often mentions the vicarage? She is so kind, so thoughtful; she knows what a world of things I have on my hands, so she won't give me the trouble of answering letters, but arranges every thing for poor Ned through

Harry. I should like to know, now—I really should like so much to know what kind things she says about us all.”

Another pause and profound silence. I could have enlightened the vicar's wife: I could have told her that the only mention I had known Lady Marsden make of her or her family, was in a postscript to one of her letters, where she had said that she had referred Mrs. Amyott once for all to Harry; and added, that if she were annoyed in future by any more offensively familiar letters from “that person,” Edward must be removed. I could, I say, have enlightened the lady; but I did not, so she went on,—

“It will be a great loss to you, Mr. Arnot, when Harry goes out to India; indeed, it will be the greatest loss to us all. How long before he takes his degree? Two years! well, we don't know what may take place in that time. I understand it's a sad thing for a young man to go out there without a wife—the temptations are dreadful! But, bless me!” she looked round, as if she had only just missed them, “what has become of Harry and Rose? Naughty children! where can they have got to?”

This will suffice for a specimen of Mrs. Amyott's style of conversation. But how could this tree have borne such fruit? how could such a fountain have sent forth any thing half so sweet as Rose Amyott? In truth I know not. Rose was the eldest of the family, and just eighteen, the sunniest, most unselfish creature God ever made; her father's comfort and darling; the angel of the household. I worshipped Rose Amyott as a young man may worship where he knows it would be madness to love. If my brain had not been over-busy with books just then; if a fellowship had not been the goal of my strivings; if, more than all beside, I had ever thought Rose might love and wait for me, the temptation might have been too great. As it was, from the day on which I first beheld her innocent beauty, to that on which I joined her hand to another's, I never felt a pang that she was not to be my own. Not the less for this did I take an intense interest in her: I divined her wishes: I could tell what she would say before she opened her mouth; ay, very soon I knew for whose step she listened, the voice at which her heart beat.

But I am lingering with pen and paper now just as in those old days Harry and I used to linger at Watfield Vicarage, instead of hastening back to White-ladies. Let us go back there at once. We had taken possession of one wing of the house, which was divided in the first story into two bedrooms of equal dimensions, opening to the right and left of a small landing. A broad oak

staircase led up from the hall to these apartments, and formed the only means of communication between them and the rest of the house, for they were completely cut off from the apartments on the same story and those above. My bedroom, which lay to the right, was called the turret chamber, because it was joined, as might be seen from the garden, by a small octagonal turret, carried up to the roof, and corresponding with another on the opposite side of the mansion. Peering and poking about my room one night, I discovered traces of a door in the wainscot, which must, from its position, have led straight into this turret. My curiosity was just so much excited that I asked Harry, as we were riding together next day, about it.

“Yes,” he replied, “there is a door there; it opened on a staircase in the turret; and another door, at the foot of the staircase, led into the garden; but it is so completely hidden under that thick ivy, that nobody would suspect a door was there at all. I found it out by chance one day when I was foraging about; and most likely my grandfather and I are the only two persons who know of its existence. I might have forgotten it again before now, if he had not told me such a dreadful story of that staircase. It was closed up more than a hundred years back, because an ancestor of ours threw his brother down there and broke his neck. The quarrel began in the room where I sleep. The elder dragged the younger across the landing, all through your bedroom, to the stairs.”

“What a dreadful version of Cain and Abel,” I remarked; “no wonder the staircase should have been closed up then, once for all.”

“Don't you think White-ladies looks just the sort of place to have dark stories connected with it?” asked Harry, reining his horse closer to mine. “Do you know there is a curious old legend concerning the house?”

“A legend! oh, let me hear it by all means! you know my appetite for that sort of thing.”

“Well then you shall have it exactly as it was told me. White-ladies was a Benedictine convent in the old times, and at the general dissolution of religious houses, King Henry gave it and its lands to a certain Ralph Verdun—that grim old fellow who hangs over the mantelpiece in the hall. By the way, Arthur, that picture is worth looking at: it is a Holbein. Well, it is said that when Ralph Verdun rode up with his retainers to take possession, the old blind abbeß met him on the threshold, and told him that she did not leave the house empty, for therein he should find the curse of God—that of all his children only one daughter

should survive him; and that generation after generation the house would be handed down from father to daughter, from mother to son, until the race became extinct, or the roof fell in."

"Most old places have traditions more curious than agreeable," I observed. "You remember the raben-nest near Dorfberg."

"The nun's curse, as it was called, did not end here," Harry went on. "There was to be perpetual feud between the possessor and the heir; and the great wealth of the family was to dwindle down till the house itself should come to be the sole inheritance. It is a strange thing"—he said this with that sort of carelessness with which I have heard some people talk about ghosts in daylight—"it is a strange thing that the old lady's revengeful prophecy should have held good for three centuries. Would you believe that my grandfather has never yet forgiven my mother her marriage, though she is his only child? I believe she has written dozens of letters, and offered to come over to England to visit him, but all to no purpose."

"If there is such a fatality about the property why not sell it?" I asked.

"I am sure my mother will as soon as it comes into her hands. The land is all gone now: the mortgages were so heavy, that some years back my grandfather sold it all, and purchased a good life-annuity. I confess, Arthur," he said, after a pause, "I shall be glad when we are fairly rid of the gloomy old place. They say every man has his mad point: now I think every man has his superstition: perhaps White-ladies is mine. But then," he seemed to say this to himself, and a light came into his eye—"but then, no power on earth, or anywhere else, could ever change my mother towards me. What do you say to a gallop over this smooth bit of ground?"

So said, so done; away we went with a laugh and a jest, our horses' hoofs ringing on the hard ground, our faces flushed with health and exercises: no black cat sat behind us on our steeds. When we fell into a more sober pace we had clean forgotten the dark old house we were leaving behind, and built a hundred gay castles in the air.

"I am becoming dreadfully ambitious," Harry cried, laughing, as we drew the rein at last before the little green gate of the vicarage. "How have we settled it? Governor-general am I to be, or governor of a presidency?"

I laughed back again. "Oh! only governor of a presidency: we did not get beyond that this morning."

"And your bishopric. Have you made up your mind whether it is to be Calcutta or Madras?" . . .

We separated in September. Marsden started for Paris, and I went down home. I had had a tutorship in London for the Christmas holidays, so that I had actually not been home for twelve months past. Oh! the joy when the coach turns that corner at last, and I see them all at the garden-gate—my mother and the girls waving handkerchiefs; the boys setting up a shrill huzzah! I declare that young rogue, Jack, has got a tin pipe, and is playing "See, the Conquering Hero comes." The coach pulls up; I leap down among them all.

"Never mind the fare," cries my father. "I'll settle that while you see to your luggage."

The coachman smiles at my father like a man who brings him a prize: he knows he shall get a half-crown extra to-day. Then the eager greetings—the hundred welcomes all in one. I return my father's hand-grasp with an honest pride; I know that what with my scholarship got in the spring, and other helps, I shall not cost him a penny for this year at least. My mother and sisters kiss me twenty times between the garden-gate and the house. I kiss them all again: I even salute old Sally, my sometime nurse, who has come out on pretence of helping to carry my things; and so we all go in to tea—that delightful compound of dinner-and-tea one gets on such occasions in a country-home, and gets nowhere else: a "high tea" we used to call it down in Cornwall. Nobody but the boys and I seem to eat any thing; and though I eat as a man off a long journey on the top of a coach only can, everybody will have it that I have not had half enough. What a world of news I had to hear, and to tell! In the enthusiasm of a young man's friendship, I talked about Marsden as mercilessly as a girl talks about her first lover: but not one bit did I bore my auditors.

"Why don't you bring your friend down here? there's such capital shooting for him in Arley woods?" asked my maiden aunt, Catherine, laying down her knitting as she spoke, that she might send a furtive glance over her spectacles at my pretty sister Jeannette. Aunt Kate had the reputation of being a great match-maker—that is to say, she had interfered with so many young people in trying to help on their love affairs, that nobody knows how many good matches she had quite prevented in her time. This might be the reason why Aunt Kate had never made one for herself.

My mother sat by silently then; but when she came into my room that night, she said, "Arthur, you are quite right not to bring Mr. Marsden down. Look how very pretty that darling Jeannette has grown! He might very likely fall in love with her; and you

know what the friends of rich young men think when such things happen. Lady Marsden must have no reason to change her feeling respecting her son's friendship for you. Now, Arthur, have you quite done with your candle? Good-night; God bless you."

Dear mother! no wonder she should think a man could not see that flower of her flock without peril to his heart. I watched her going off with my candle as she used to do when I was a child in pinafores. Then I lay awake some time, thinking of Harry, for her words had brought him to my mind. It took me back to the vicarage at Watfield. A host of words and actions, mere trifles in themselves, and hardly noticed at the time, rose up to me with a clear significance. I had had an idea from the first, that with all the vulgar cunning of her nature, the vicar's wife was trying to bring on an engagement between Marsden and her daughter. Shame! a thousand shames, I say, to the woman who can, as she did, make an innocent young girl a party to unworthy tricks and contrivances of all sorts. As for Rose, I acquitted her from my heart: she was simply happy to dance with Harry; so glad to sit by him, to walk with him always in our long rambles. Like a light through the darkness came my memory of her glance of shy delight when Mrs. Amyott had proposed that Harry should teach her Italian—"such an advantage to the dear child it would be," she said—the eager tremor with which she poured all the savings of her little purse into my hand, and asked me to procure her the necessary books for her new study. And Marsden? I hardly knew what to think of him. This was just the one subject which had been avoided between us; we had never said one word about Rose Amyott to each other: not one word in praise of her refinement, her beauty, her exquisite grace. Sometimes I had thought him attracted, sometimes repelled. I remember, one day in particular when Marsden had behaved like a man who yields, right or wrong, to a fascination too strong to be resisted. Then on a sudden—was it because he caught Mrs. Amyott's triumphant eye?—he became sullen and gloomy. The next time we were at Watfield he began by a marked coldness towards Rose; then, seeing her droop like her namesake flower in a frost, his manner became tender—certainly too tender if he meant nothing by it. Was there a struggle going on in his heart? How would it end? I wondered. Then, Harry's mother—would she ever consent to such a marriage? She might perhaps be brought to pass over its worldly disadvantages; but would she ever accept Mrs. Amyott's daughter as wife to her son? I felt sure that Lady Marsden

was just the woman to have a royal memory for the qualities and peculiarities of any person she had ever known. I felt equally sure that she must remember her former school-fellow with an antipathy close bordering on disgust. If she could see Rose; if she only knew her! But all that she would ever know of Rose just lay in this: that she was Mrs. Amyott's daughter. Pshaw! why tangle a web that might never be woven? Even if Marsden really had a liking for Rose, he would see other girls, and most likely forget her. I could not even say that he cared for her at all. No! I could not say it; but—And so I fell asleep.

For more than a year after that "long vacation" Harry did not go down at all to White-ladies.

"I must keep away—I cannot trust myself," he said, half to me, half to himself, one day as he stood looking at Lady Marsden's portrait. He said no more; it was quite enough to show me all his heart. He did not go into Dorsetshire till a despatch arrived to say that Mr. Paulet had been seized with paralysis, and that if he wished to see his grandfather alive he must start at once. This took place I remember at the end of the Lent term, just before the men went down for the holidays.

#### CHAPTER III.

EASTER fell early that year, and it was a remarkably cold season; when the colleges met for the May term there was hardly a promise of spring. The April twilight was falling chill and gray, like a twilight in November, when I came off my long journey, and stumbled up the staircase in a half-frozen state. Sadly comfortless did my little den at Exeter look, after the home I had left that morning. My scout was on his knees before the fire, pretending it burned badly: the truth was, he had only just lighted it. Mr. Marsden had been, he said, about an hour since, and left a note for me on the table; it was only a few lines in pencil:—

"I am just come back, and thought you would have been up before me; pray come to my rooms as soon as you do return, for I am sure yours won't be warm to-night. I am now going to make up a rousing fire, and brew some hot punch for you."

I had dined at Taunton; so, leaving the scout to get my things in order, I went at once. The warm room, fragrant with the grateful beverage, and my friend's warm welcome, seemed to take me back home again: he thrust me into an easy-chair beside the blazing fire.

"Why, you look half starved with cold, Arthur; I gave that idle rascal of a scout a regular blowing up when I went to your



rooms. He had let out the fire, and the place felt like an icehouse."

"Now, Arthur," he said, when we were fairly settled, "you must tell me your news first; I have an idea, that when I once begin, you mayn't get a chance of telling it at all."

"Story? God bless you! I have none to tell. I have been home, and back again at Oxford; that is my whole history. Now for yours, Harry: you look to me as if you had a whole budget."

"I shall tell you the bad news first," Marsden began, with a trouble in his voice. "Indeed, my news from India is so bad, that my mother writes for me to go out."

"Go to India!" I exclaimed. "Was any thing very serious the matter?"

"Not exactly to India, but the Cape; my father has been there some time for his health: he does not seem to recover, and my mother is uneasy about him. I wish to Heaven that they had come home last year, as they talked of doing; but he thought himself sure of a baronetcy if he kept at his post, and principally on my account he has stayed on. Why should he? I'm sure I don't want a title." Marsden gave a great poke at the fire. "My highest ambition is to take orders, and settle down in a quiet country living."

"Take orders!—a quiet country living!"—how had his views become so changed?—I could guess; ah! I could guess.

He did not keep me in suspense. The next minute, laying his hand on mine, and with a strange joyfulness in his face, which spoke before his words, he cried, "O Arthur! wish me joy—I am the happiest of men."

I wished him joy from my heart. I told him how I guessed long since that it would come some day. And then we sat by the firelight, I listening as he talked about her, and went over all the story of his love. And as I listened I saw how this love, which had taken root almost in childhood, had laid hold on every fibre of the heart. How; kept down, held back, concealed, it had in secret grown from strength to strength, till, overleaping every barrier, trampling all beside beneath his feet, it stood confessed, the great monopolizer, the master of the man. Among all the forms of the chief passion of our human life, this wears the crown for strength and constancy. Not less delightful than to speak of Rose herself, it seemed to be to him to unfold all his plans, to talk of his future life with her. I could but smile, knowing that openhearted, openhanded nature of his so well, to hear him say how if he had but Rose he should want so little besides. His present allowance was five hun-

dred a year; and if Sir John would buy him a living of about that value, when he had taken orders, this, Harry said, was all he should think of asking. Mr. Paulet had left him £500: that would furnish the house. Oh, yes! Mrs. Amyott had calculated it would not only furnish the house, but pay all the expenses of their wedding trip into Switzerland.

"But why should you alter your plans?" I inquired. "Why not take your degree, then marry, and take your wife out to India?"

He shook his head. "No, that would never do: Rose could not stand the climate; her mother and the family doctor both say the same, and it is not the climate alone," he added, thoughtfully. "You know how often we have talked over Indian matters together: you see how careful my mother has been to keep me acquainted with all that is going forward. You can see that my father is almost a king, but like a king on the uneasiest throne imaginable. Every day brings its own difficulty, its own peril. Do you know one day last term they were talking in hall about Lord A.'s huntsman? He had lost his voice through a cold, and ventured out to the dogs one night without his whip; the poor fellow was dragged down, and torn to pieces in a moment. I declare, Arthur, that story made me tremble all over. It seemed such a horrible image of what might happen to my father." He got up, and walked up and down the room. "Sir John is a cool, clear-headed man enough," he went on, as he came back to his chair; "but he says himself a great deal of his wonderful success is owing to his wife. My mother was born for the life; she is equal to any emergency; a danger which would benumb the faculties of most women, only serves to quicken hers. Power is her element: she loves authority for its own sake, and has, I think, all the qualities of a ruler. But Rose, my little Rose!" his voice melted into fondness as he spoke the name; "it would never suit her to queen it out there."

Having got back to this theme, the lover dwelt upon it again; it seemed to be exhaustless. But somehow, as I listened to him I could not help thinking of Lady Marsden. Had her son, engrossed as he was with his passion, no thought, no pity, for the bitter disappointment in store for the mother, who had toiled through all those years with dauntless patience, energy, and courage, to make straight paths for the feet that should never walk in them? "Oh! this blind love," I thought, "which seals our eyes to every feeling but his own!"

Half-consciously I glanced at the portrait;



it was so changed in the shifting firelight, that it startled me. Where was the love, the grace, the tenderness? That red glare lent defiance to the eye, and bent the brows in an angry frown, while on the lower part of the face strong shadows deepened into a gloom of pride and resolute will. Good Heavens! what a weird likeness it wore to that old Holbein at White-ladies!

"But Arthur!" cried Marsden, breaking off in the middle of a sentence, "I must have a light brought directly: I want to show you something. Here, Robert, light my lamp!" he shouted at the door. When the order had been obeyed, the curtains drawn, and the scout had vanished again, Harry produced a morocco case, which contained an exquisite miniature of Rose.

"Is it not like her?" he asked. "I had it taken on purpose to send over to my mother; now I shall show it her myself when I tell her of our engagement."

He took it from my hand, and stood a few minutes gazing fondly at it under the light of the lamp. "Oh, Arnott! she can but love her," he exclaimed. Again I looked from him to Lady Marsden's portrait. The brilliant light had completely restored its wonted expression; the eyes looked down with all their deep maternal tenderness on her son, on the sunny curls, and face so lovely in its guileless youth, of the miniature he held in his hand. Surely, the omen was good: I accepted it for my friend.

Sir John's illness hardly cast a shadow on the joy of Marsden's welcome at the Cape. At that time, and, indeed, all through his stay, the treacherous malady granted a respite, which, as so often happens, was hailed as a revoke of the sentence. Perhaps this month was the happiest of Lady Marsden's whole life; her husband's seeming recovery dispelled a terror by which she had lately been haunted, that at her instance he had sacrificed himself to secure his son's interest. The son for whose presence she had yearned with the longings of her deep and passionate nature was with her at last—the child she had sent away, had come back to her a man, handsome, distinguished in person, highly endowed, and cultivated in mind. He surpassed her hopes: he gratified her affection, her pride, her ambition—all the ruling powers of her character at once. This was a pause, a rest, a haven in that life overlaid with action and great cares. She talked very little to Harry about his future prospects: her quick eye failed to observe his frequent distractions; she gave herself up, body and mind, to the calm enjoyment of every day as it went by: her life flowed on in a delightful dream. Watching the amendment in Sir John's health, happy in her

knowledge that her son was by her side, her heart was tranquil as the sky above her, soft as the gentle air of the Madeira of the southern hemisphere. Never, one might think, could any mother have been in a happier mood to receive such news as Harry had to give her. Then why did an inexplicable reserve hold him back? why did he let day pass after day, and the secret which always seemed on his lips still untold? This was just the question which he asked himself every night, as every morning he said that this should be the day. As he said to himself, he did not often see his mother alone: she was much taken up by her cares for the invalid, and he felt he could not make his confidences before his father. But he did not say to himself that he shrank from confronting Lady Marsden, that he felt his tidings would fall like a thunderbolt in this serene air. Once, indeed, he tried hard to break ground by talking of the family at Watfield vicarage; but not a shade of interest did his hearer show, hardly as much as if he had described the individuals in a flock of sheep; and very soon, indeed, she cut him short, by saying—

"Well, we will dismiss these people, Harry. I had such a very disagreeable impression of Mrs. Amyott in her young days, that if I had known that she was no other than Hetty Vance, I should have begged your Uncle Marsden to find some other home for Edward. I can see from her letters she is just the same as ever; indeed, she was the sort of person that neither time nor circumstances can improve; but I dare say she makes a good kind nurse for Edward, poor fellow! and as long as he is comfortable we must waive our dislikes."

"How shall I tell her? how shall I tell her?" groaned Harry to himself. But the affair concerned Rose; her mother had nothing to do with it, he comforted himself.

He did tell his secret at last. On the morning of the day before that fixed for his departure, he went into his mother's dressing-room. He had asked for this interview, and found her waiting to receive him, her heart so full of love, her eyes bright in her pride and joy. Some shade of a sweet coquetry enters into the love of every woman, and thus Lady Marsden had this morning made her toilet with more than her usual care: she wished that her son should take away with him an imposing memory of his mother. Perhaps she had never, in the pride of her youthful beauty, found any tribute paid to it so delicious as she did now that pause of his at the door, that unconscious homage to her commanding person, her stately presence, her imperial air. She gave him a place on the sofa beside her; she

knew beforehand, so she thought, all that he came to say. He wished, no doubt, to propose that, on account of his father's delicate state of health, he should proceed with them to India, and enter at once on his duties under Sir John. During the night she had busied herself with this scheme, and after looking at it in every point of view, had reluctantly decided not to keep her darling with her. The separation, she reasoned with herself, would not be for long; there were still some arrangements to be made before he entered upon his new duties; it was better he should begin his career with the prestige of an Oxford degree. But all through the early hours, while she was writing and sorting out papers she wished him to take back with him, the thought had been sweet to her that this plan had originated with her son. And now she prepared herself to listen while he should unfold it, with a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret.

A few words—the first sentence undecoded in her. As he went on, a wintry storm raged in her heart—it passed into her face. She turned quickly round upon him. But looking into his countenance, she read her own resolution, her own force of character, her own unchanging will; she seemed to see her own nature divided against itself, her inmost powers in battle array against each other. For the first time in all her life this woman felt powerless, baffled, dismayed. Where her foot had stood so firm, a sudden chasm yawned; a rock had risen across her path, before which she lay prostrate and paralyzed. She was struck into a silence, which could find no words.

The man whose heart is overflowing with love is slow to interpret an opposite emotion. Marsden put the miniature into his mother's hand, and having once begun the subject, found it easy enough to pursue; he was only too glad that she should give him a patient hearing; he felt grateful; it was more than he had expected. He told her the story of his love from its first beginning; he described Rose with intense enthusiasm: he spoke with all the eloquence, the energy, the persuasion of a lover; and Lady Marsden, bending low her face over the picture, heard his words as the call of winds, the sound of dropping waters come to a man wholly taken up with one absorbing thought. She was listening indeed, but to that voice which cried within. "As you would sacrifice every thing for him, so will he for her: he will give up wealth, ambition—he will give you up, for her sake!"

Nor voice nor sound did she utter till Marsden had finished all he could find to say, and appeared to wait her reply. Then she laid the portrait down with one glance

upon it, a glance which comprehended all the fierceness of a burning jealousy—all the bitterness of a deep and settled hate. She rose, and said,—

"Henry!"—she was not aware that she used the less familiar name—"I have listened to you; listen to me; I shall not have quite so much to say. It seems that woman has a daughter like herself; between them they have managed to entrap you."

Well might her son's blood boil as she spoke. Never, surely, had any other words held half the contempt of these, which fell so coldly, so quietly from her lips. "Mother!" he cried, starting up.

She motioned him back with her hand: "Nay, let me finish. I shall not lend myself to the triumph of these people. Your choice must lie between that family and your own—between me and her. For, remember, from the hour you take that girl for your wife, you cease to be my son." And without another word she left the room.

Poor Marsden! he could easily have met opposition, reproaches; but for this sentence, this cold decree he was utterly unprepared. Unjust, cruel; so in the anguish of his spirit he judged his mother—a haughty nature, where pride had uprooted tenderness. As for Lady Marsden, no one knew the secrets of her solitude that day; no human ear took in that exceeding bitter cry over her shivered hopes. She met Sir John and her son at dinner, with a serene brow and her own most gracious smile; she busied herself with affectionate solicitude over sundry preparations for his comfort during the voyage. Harry could hardly realize to himself the scene of the morning; it seemed like a frightful nightmare. "She will relent; I know she will relent," he thought, as he went to talk the matter over with his father.

But he found Lady Marsden had been beforehand with him here. Sir John lay back in his easy-chair; a good-hearted, hard-headed man, on whose shoulders many a heavy burden had sat lightly enough; he was by no means given to sentiment, and just now his whole mind was bent on a speedy recovery, and return to his duties. Sir John cut Harry short at once, by saying—

"My dear boy, I must not excite myself about any folly of this sort. I leave the matter entirely in your mother's hand. Take her opinion—I don't mind telling you, that any time when I have not done so, I have found myself in the wrong. You must promise us one thing—that you won't be drawn into marriage before a year at least; that will give you plenty of time to see the absurdity of the whole affair. Why, you will be in and out of love a dozen times before then! And now just read me those letters

while I take my coffee. We must keep a tighter hand over those native rascals, I can see that—a tighter hand ;” and the invalid’s poor, worn fingers seemed to clutch at some invisible pair of reins.

Something, Marsden could not say what, in that shadowy action, in those wasted hands struck him so to the heart that he could enter no protest against the careless way in which his father spoke of his love. He gave the required promise, read the letters, and wrote others, at Sir John’s dictation. Next day he sailed with the portfolio of papers Lady Marsden had prepared, put away among his luggage with her own hand. There was truce between the mother and the son.

#### CHAPTER IV.

SIX months after Harry had left, Sir John and Lady Marsden were still staying at the Cape. Sir John was always “better—much better,” he said: a little more rest—only a week or fortnight longer—and he should be quite well enough to return to India. And thus the time passed on. But a day came at last on which the invalid acknowledged himself rather worse. A letter had arrived that morning from his son, in which Marsden announced that he had obtained his degree, and stated his reasons for declining to go out to India, at full length. He said it was his intention to take orders as soon as possible, and concluded by an entreaty that his father would purchase a living for him, and sanction his marriage at the end of the year of probation. This letter kindled the smouldering flame of Lady Marsden’s displeasure, stung as she was to the quick that her son should set her at naught by this appeal to his father’s authority. She chose to consider it as a sort of defiance. Sir John, moved by Harry’s respectful tone and evident earnestness, had been quite disposed to take his part ; but his wife swept away every plea with a fierce energy ; and the discussion ended, as most discussions between that married pair had done, by her husband adopting her view of the subject.

But in the noon of the southern night he called her to his bedside. “Helen,” he said, with a sick man’s wistful gaze into her face—“Helen, your father disapproved our marriage ; but we have had a happy life together. Why not let the boy be happy in his way, as we have been in ours?”

“No!” was the instant answer. “No! this fancy of Harry’s is quite another thing. He has fallen into a snare set by cunning persons. We must help him out of it: we must not let him destroy his prospects, and make shipwreck of his whole life. They shall not gain their ends.”

Sir John sighed wearily. “Well, I leave it to you. No doubt your judgment is right. You will find every thing put completely in your power. Now kiss me, Helen, before I go to sleep.”

The voice struck on the ear of his wife as changed and feeble, perhaps because she herself had spoken with such unflinching decision. She bent over her husband, kissed him, smoothed down his pillow ; and he slept, his hand in hers. In that sleep he passed away.

The first shock of her widowhood past, I believe Lady Marsden felt much satisfaction in the knowledge that her husband’s last words were literally true. By his will, made during the early years of their marriage, she was left the uncontrolled mistress of his large fortune ; and both her children were entirely dependent on her. It seemed very strange that, after Harry had grown up to man’s estate, Sir John should have made no change in the disposal of his property : still, the constant pressure of public affairs on him, his long separation from his son, and his unbounded confidence in his wife, all taken into consideration, we must allow that many more unaccountable wills than this are proved at Doctors’ Commons. A short time—only a few months—earlier, Lady Marsden would have looked upon herself simply as a steward for Harry, and would gladly have given up every thing to him : *now*, she addressed herself to battle with something, like a thrill of joy at finding a new power, a fresh weapon put into her hands. This tone pervaded her letter written to Marsden from India, whither she had proceeded from the Cape to arrange her affairs, prior to her final return to England. She offered a sort of compromise : he might take the life he preferred : if he chose to give up India, and his brilliant prospects there, he was free to do so. The liberal allowance his father had made him would be continued ; and whenever he should settle in the world by making a marriage worthy of himself, he would find her disposed to act most generously towards him (this was underlined). With regard to any low marriage, she went on to say, he knew her mind already, and might know it would always be the same.

On the widow’s return to England, the first step she took was the removal of poor Edward from the vicarage. She made the change ostensibly that he might be placed under the care of a London physician, on account of his health, then rapidly failing—indeed, he died a few months afterwards—but I have no doubt her real reason was, that she might not be brought in any way into contact with the Amyotts, and, perhaps, that Harry might not have an excuse for

going down to Watfield. By this time Marsden had taken orders, and got a curacy in London. His parish lay too far from the West-end for him to make his home with his mother; but he was often at her house, and a looker-on might have supposed that all the old affection existed between them. In reality, a wall of separation had been built up. For, if a common interest can draw even enemies together, what tie or sympathy will not give way between two persons, where the aim and hope of one is to destroy the aim and hope of the other? At the end of two years matters came to a crisis. Mr. Amyott had died rather suddenly, leaving his family in very straitened circumstances; and Lady Marsden took this occasion to write to his widow. Her letter said plainly enough that it was quite vain to hope she should ever be wrought to consent to a fulfilment of her son's engagement; that, from the day he married Miss Amyott, his allowance would cease, and he would have nothing more to expect, either during his mother's lifetime or at her death. More than this, she actually offered Mrs. Amyott a comfortable annuity, on the sole condition that the marriage should be broken off at once.

This letter had all the effect on the vicar's widow its writer had calculated. Bitterly disappointed in her own marriage, she knew quite enough of her former schoolfellow to feel sure that she was more than likely to keep her word. Mrs. Amyott thought it best to say nothing of the proposed annuity; but she discovered, all on a sudden, that it was a most shocking thing for Marsden to disobey his mother's wishes. So, after this engagement, which she herself had tried to bring on in every way, had lasted three years, she coolly forbade him the house. But Rose was by no means disposed to play the part of a docile daughter. If her lover were willing to give her up, she said, then she was prepared to release him from his engagement; but if not—why, she was as ready to share his poverty as she would have been his fortune. And Marsden? Rose was dearer than ever. Give her up! He would give up life itself first. Now, they knew the very word, he argued. In spite of all, his mother really loved him: once married, and all opposition vain, he felt sure she would be reconciled. Looking at Rose, he thought, indeed, that a heart much harder than his mother's must melt in that gentle presence. So pleaded the lover; and so effectually did he plead, that, in spite of all Mrs. Amyott's hysterics and reproaches, the quiet wedding took place in less than a year after the vicar's death. This imprudent young couple began the world with more than the ordinary capital of love between them, and, for worldly

possessions, a curacy of a hundred and fifty a year, with a house, and just one thousand pounds, half this sum being Mr. Paulett's legacy: the rest Marsden had contrived to save.

The only notice Lady Marsden took of her son's marriage was, to discontinue his allowance, give up her house in town, and go on the continent. There she spent nearly six years, during which time, as she moved from place to place, and gave Harry no clue to her address, all communication between them was effectually cut off. At the end of this period she suddenly returned to England, in the late autumn, and took up her abode at White-ladies. She thus became my parishioner; for I had been presented to the living of Hartford—a small preferment which I could hold with my Oxford fellowship—about two years before.

Lady Marsden's advent, the tasteful and modern furniture which arrived from London, the general brightening-up of the old house, caused a stir and thrill throughout our little village, which did not subside till some time after the mistress of White-ladies had settled down into a quiet, but by no means an entirely secluded, life. She drove out daily, received and paid visits among the few families of the neighborhood, and led the ordinary life of a lady in the country.

As to her son, the hard-worked London curate, struggling to keep his wife and three children with the same small income on which he had married, he seemed to have dropped alike out of Lady Marsden's memory, that of her acquaintance, and the villagers'. Mrs. Martin, my housekeeper, who had been in Mr. Paulet's service, spoke of him sometimes; and old Christian would ask me, now and then, if I had had "news lately of Master Harry?" but, with these exceptions, I never heard his name mentioned. One might have thought that, among the poor of this quiet hamlet, some memory would have been kept of the frank, light-hearted young man, who had always a smile, a kind word, and a spare coin for the poorest among them; but is not every little world of a country town or village like the great world, in its ingratitude and unjust forgetfulness, just as the tiniest tide-pool "lies locked in with bars of sand," as brackish as the sea itself?

Lady Marsden never gave me the slightest reason to suppose that she recognized in me the Arthur Arnott who had been her son's college friend; but she received me with due courtesy, as the clergyman of the parish; and during the winter months I was regularly invited to dine at White-ladies. I went; but I should have been glad to refuse her hospitalities. I could not sit at the well-spread table there, with all its hand-



some appointments, without having the painful contrast of my friend's home present to my mind. The massive urn and tea-equipage of the drawing-room at White-ladies reminded me of a certain treasured silver teapot, in whose place a metal one had done duty ever since poor Rose's long illness; and I could not see my lady, in her soft and sweeping silks, the black Chantilly shawl folded so gracefully round her figure, the relief afforded her sombre costume by the dainty lace falling over at her throat and wrists—I could not see her without a sigh for Rose herself, in that homely dress, renewed less often every year. Still, looking in my lady's face, and thinking of the deep shadow her implacable resentment had cast upon her son's life—no one, not even Rose herself, knew so well as I, how deep that shadow was—I could yet thank God that he was happier, richer, in his poverty, than she in her abundance. For, looking in this woman's face, I read there that she was not alone in her solitude, that two housemates were hers—anguish and unrest. They sat at her table, and the food became worm-wood at her lips: they watched by her couch, and sleep fled where they kept vigil.

Living a lonely life, as I did, in my little cure, it was natural that my thoughts should dwell a good deal on the mistress of White-ladies. Indeed, I studied her character with an interest almost morbid, mingled with the deepest pity. I saw her before me in her disappointment and desolation; her best affections changed to bitterness; a nature whose fire and intensity wrought its own unceasing torture. Surely, love must be still alive, I thought, to cause so much suffering. The heart bled daily in rebel strife against that will of iron. Who could tell?—a memory, a word perhaps—just the right chord struck might give it mastery once and forever. Ay! the right chord struck; but how was that to be done? One could but grope blindly after it with uncertain fingers. A direct appeal, I felt, would be just laying a blister on an angry wound; but perhaps some way might be found to touch my lady's heart.

Possessed with this notion, though I kept it to myself, when I went up to London that spring, I begged Rose to let me carry off her eldest boy. He was then a fine little fellow, rising five, but sadly pale and thin from the scarlet fever; and his mother agreed with me that it would do him a world of good to run loose in country air for a few weeks, under the charge of Mrs. Martin—that most careful of women and housekeepers.

"She must be touched!—she must be touched!" I said to myself, the Sunday after my return with little Harry, as I slyly

watched him from my reading-desk, perched up on a hassock by Mrs. Martin's side. There the child stood, his dark locks clustering round his face, the face so like her son's—so like her own, joining in the psalm with all his might, and looking full at the great pew with those large, wide open eyes, his fancy completely caught by its decorations of carved monster heads and griffins' claws.

That evening, as, sitting in my study, I saw Christian coming across the fields to the parsonage, my heart beat all the quicker. I sat there expecting him to burst in upon me with important tidings—the least being that my lady had sent for her grandson. My quick fancy pictured the reconciliation; the fatted calf killed at White-ladies, though, Heaven knows, my poor Harry had been no prodigal; Rose, now sadly faded, bright and blooming again; the joyous faces of children, and their pattering feet about the dim old house. "Ay! the people here will want to ring the bells no doubt; and so they shall," I caught myself saying, half aloud. But why did Christian stay so long? In my impatience I rose, and opened the study-door. Just then Sally Martin's voice, raised in indignation, came from the kitchen across the little brick-paved hall.

"You don't mean," she was saying—"you don't mean that my lady hasn't said so much as a word about him; and he her own flesh and blood: pretty dear! What hard hearts your fine quality folk must have! She never looked twice at him at church; nor took a bit of notice, no more than if he 'ad been one of the Sunday-school lads."

"My lady did see him through," Christian returned; "she hasn't touched a bit of dinner, and looks like a ghost this afternoon: just as she does whenever a letter comes from Master Harry, for all she sends them back without so much as breaking the seal. It isn't my lady's fault; mind that, Mrs. Martin: it's all that wicked house. What I say is this: Let them as don't believe in ghostes bide at White-ladies one winter."

Here Christian's voice dropped to a low growl, in which "rattling chains"—"rustlings"—"something white in the avenue"—were the only words to be distinguished. At last it rose again:—

"Now I must be going, Mrs. Martin. I couldn't help just coming down to have a look at Master Harry's boy: God bless him! No, thank you, no more beer; it doesn't suit my constitution."

Away went the old man; and with him all my hopes and fancies. I think Mrs. Martin was wroth at the slight put upon her small-beer: a marvellously washy and vinegarish brew. "What are you standing there with



your mouth open for, Betsy?" I heard her say sharply enough to her help, a girl out of the village. "May be you believe all Master Christian's stories. Folks that go down of evenings to the Royal George, as he does, are like to see strange sights when they come back. I've been at all times and hours at the old house, and never saw any thing there worse than myself."

One more attempt I made to reach Lady Marsden's heart. And let those despise the effort who cannot understand all its cost. I actually preached a sermon at the mistress of White-ladies. Not a sermon upon the duty of forgiveness: there was not a sentence in it—for I weighed them all carefully—that she should say was levelled at her. But, taking for my text that beautiful promise of Jehovah to his people, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," I found occasion to dwell upon the wonderful tenderness which God has implanted in the mother's heart; a tenderness so pure, so deep, so lasting, that he chose this among all human feelings as the best interpreter of his eternal loving-kindness towards his creatures. Thus I fashioned my discourse; and wove in here and there, like a golden thread, some word or fragment out of those old letters; not so that she could recognize them, but that they might come to her like a perfume from the former happy times.

More than twenty years have passed since I preached that sermon, but the whole scene comes before me now as vivid as a memory of yesterday. I see the little, white-washed church, its door wide open, the sunshine lying on the graves outside. The summer air: a hushed voice from the sea came to me in the pulpit. I feel that shiver run down my spine as I give out the text; my face is burning; my hands are damp and cold. I look at my congregation, men and women; the singers in the gallery through a mist—they seem a long way off, and show like figures in a dream. Only straight before my eyes, though I never once turn them that way, is one clear, sharp photograph—the great pew with its single inmate. I see that tall figure in its perpetual mourning: the white hair a strange contrast to those raven eyebrows. The face so full of pride, with the weary, yearning look upon it I have come to know so well: those eyes which burn, but have no tears, seem to pierce through me while I speak. I hear the beating of my heart; the tremor in my voice as I preached my sermon. But as I went on, there fell upon me a strong, sudden consciousness, like a flash of light, of the place where I stood—of Him whose minister I was.

The vision between me and my people vanished; I saw them listening with a fixed attention far beyond their wont. And, somehow, seeing this, I preached no longer; I forgot my carefully written discourse; I spoke to them out of my own heart; I felt my words go straight to theirs. The strong, pure Saxon—simple images taken from their simple, daily life—came ready to my lips that day. The carved pew might never have been in the church at all, so completely had I forgotten it, when, towards the end of my sermon, chancing to look that way, I caught Lady Marsden's eye, where she sat unmoved, cold, and still as those effigies of her ancestors lying in the chancel. At this sight a sudden chill struck back upon my heart, my voice faltered, the words froze upon my lips; I felt that I must give the blessing abruptly, and thus end at once.

A weary, dejected man sat in the parson's study next morning. To tell the truth, the Rev. Arthur Arnott was on the worst terms possible with himself. How could I ever have fancied that a few poor words of mine could reach a malady so deeply rooted? My folly had been as presumptuous as that of those old surgeons who muttered spells over a cancer. Why had I gone out of my way to no purpose? I asked myself. I was there to teach the people of Hartford their duty as I best could. Why had I not preached against smuggling and drunkenness—the two great temptations of my coast parishioners? Why had I not? Ah! even then the answer was on the threshold of my door. Mrs. Martin burst in without knocking; that stolid face of hers alive with some great news.

"O sir," cried the woman, "you'll be so glad to hear it, for all my Sister Lee swore last autumn that poor Jane should never see her face again, she's got a horse and cart this morning, and gone off to seek her; and she says she'll bring her back without one hard word. She will have it that the morning's sermon yesterday was for her; to be sure there wasn't any thing about forgiving Jane in it; but for all that she told me she felt, while she was sitting in church, that if she had a lap of gold she would give it freely only to see Jane, and to be the mother to her that she always was."

I rejoiced with my housekeeper. I was quite willing, too, that the village should think my sermon intended to teach Widow Lee her duty towards her daughter, a pretty, careless young thing, who had been led astray while in service at Exeter. Oh! ye who sow in tears, leave to the all-wise Husbandman where and how the harvest shall be reaped!

## CHAPTER V.

DURING the September of that year a very great event came off in our family—nothing short of a double wedding; my twin sisters, Agatha and Margaret, took it into their heads to be married on the same day. Fancy, if you can, the trial to a nervous clergyman. I declare my first sermon preached before the bishop was a trifle compared to it. The two brides, “twin cherries on one stalk,” so exactly alike that their own mother could hardly tell one from the other, were to be dressed just the same—veils, wreaths, and all. In vain did I protest and expostulate; I even went so far as to declare I would not perform the ceremony; I felt as if it would be impossible to go through the service without making some dreadful mistake. My father took my part, but the women-folk of the family thought they had a right to rule on such occasions, and held their ground. I was coaxed into submission at last, and gave in upon my mother’s promise to tie a blue ribbon on Agatha’s left wrist before she went to church. Had it not been for some such precaution, I believe, to this day, that the wrong bridegroom would have been married to the wrong bride. This great trial fairly over, and no disastrous mistake made, I had a happy, happy time of it at home. It came to an end all too soon, for the friend who had taken my duty for me being unexpectedly called away after the first week, I could only take a clergyman’s fortnight—that is to say, from the Monday to the Saturday week.

No doubt it is a dreadful thing that a clergyman should own to wanting a longer holiday and that he by no means enjoyed the prospect of going back to his parish a week earlier than he had fixed; but, put a hundred black coats upon human nature instead of one and you shall find it very much the same through them all. Mine rebelled sorely at the change from the sunny home atmosphere to my gray lonely life at Hartford. Moreover—why should I keep back any secrets?—there was a certain far-away cousin of ours staying at my father’s house. She came down from her home among the Yorkshire moors, to be one of the bridesmaids, and so I saw her for the first time. A bonny girl was Lucy Stratton. She had caught, and carried about with her all the freshness and bloom of her native heather at sunrise. When I add that Lucy Stratton has been for many years the Lucy Arnott of my fireside—the *placens uxor*, who loves, honors, and does not obey—my readers will not think it strange that I was vexed to find my holiday cut short.

It was no use grumbling: return I must;

so Saturday evening saw me back at the parsonage. I sat by the fire, watching my house-keeper bring in my single cup and saucer, with all the preparations for tea on the same scale, and went into a fit disgust. Could any living creature, who was not a wild animal, enjoy a solitary meal!

“Anybody been, Martin?”

I put the question as people do when they say to themselves, while they ask it, “Of course not: whoever comes here?”

“No one in particular, sir,” was the reply. “You see everybody knowed you was away. Bet Scarf has been begging as usual—that woman must think we’re made, at the parsonage of shillings and old clothes and bits of broken victuals; and yesterday Nan Frost came, crying like mad. That idle big boy of hers has gone and listed for a soldier. All the better, I told her: it’ll be a good thing for him, and a good riddance for Hartford.”

Here Mrs. Martin rattled my tea-things as if they had been a service for a dozen people. She knew I had a sneaking kindness for the bold half-gypsy boy, who was, indeed, an Ishmael in his native village. My house-keeper was right: he had done the best possible thing for himself and every one concerned for him. So I had occasion to think only the other day, when Sergeant Frost came to see me—a bronzed, fine-looking man, proud to show his Crimean medals, proud to fight his battles o’er again by my study fire.

Martin went on: “My Sister Lee, sir, is a joyful woman. Jane was sent for to White-ladies last week, and she’s pleased my lady so well that she’s to go with her into foreign parts. Poor Jane will be quite set up in the world again when she comes back. It’s quite true, sir, what folks was saying before you went away; that my lady is going abroad somewhere, and Christian and his wife are to keep the house. Dear! that reminds me, Christian has been twice up here to-day, to know if you were back.”

“Christian! Was there any thing the matter at White-ladies?”

“Not as I could rightly make out, sir. He said my lady was well; but he spoke short and gruff, and had a down-hearted look with him. Bless me!”—she set the loaf down—“there he is coming across the fields again. Your tea is quite ready, sir, and the bit o’ meat nice and hot. Shall Christian send in his message or wait till you ring to have the things taken away?”

“By no means: I would see him at once.”

The old man came in. I asked him to sit down; but he stood at the door, twirling his hat round with his fingers. He seemed to

want to say something without well knowing how to begin; so, by way of an opening, I asked:—

"Well, Christian, has Lady Marsden sent you with a message?"

He shook his head.

"No, sir; she doesn't guess that I'm here to-night." He drew nearer, and lowered his voice to a whisper: "I couldn't rest without coming. O sir! my lady's going quite away—I don't know exact where, but a long way—quite to the other end of the world; and my mind misgives me somehow, that she never means to come back any more. She's had one of them lawyer-folks down from London, and he took away with him a heap of papers in a box. I know one thing: that the house is to be shut up, and me and my wife are to keep it as long as we live. I should have written myself to Master Harry, but I didn't know rightly where a letter might find him. You'll do it best, sir, now you're come back. He must come down here, and try to get sight of my lady. I'm afraid she won't see him; but, Mr. Arnott, something tells me it's his last chance, and he must try it. My lady goes away on Saturday, this day week; so there's no time to lose."

Christian had spoken with broken voice and glistening eyes. I felt mine grow moist, as now I saw him fairly sobbing behind his blue cotton handkerchief.

"Do you think——?" I began, but I stopped short; I did not like to question the old servant.

He caught at my meaning.

"No, sir," he replied, solemnly; "my lady has no more forgot Master Harry than she forgot him when he was a babe on her knee. It's my belief he's mostly in her thoughts, and will be to her death. Ay, Mr. Arnott, it's easy for folks to think why doesn't she forget and forgive all, but it's just the family nature—they can't do it. I lived with her father; he was the same—never would hear a word about my lady, nor give an answer to any of her letters; but, for all that, he kept the bits of playthings she had when she was a little girl; and I believe many's the tear he dropped over them. Why, when he lay dying, her name was the last word on his lips. And there's my lady—my heart aches for her, to think how lonesome and miserable she is. When she hasn't company she'll sit all day alone in the turret chamber, and has her bed in the room across the landing, so she's quite shut away from the whole house; she won't even have her maid sleep near her. Sometimes when I wake up at night I have thought, may be my lady is ill, and not a soul within call. Then I can't rest till I've crept down, and across the hall,

to the foot of the staircase; and many's the time I've heard her walking up and down, moaning and crying like. O sir! I often think I would not have all she carries in her heart in mine, to own all her money and grandeur, though the people down the village do say my lady's next to the queen, and might go about all day long with a gold crown on her head if she liked."

I was a great deal too much touched by what Christian had said, to smile at his simplicity. I thought he was going now; but, instead, he came up close to the table, and spread out upon it before me a greasy, worn five-pound note.

Then hurrying back to the door, he stood with his hand on the latch ready for escape if I should attempt to force it back upon him.

"When you write to Master Harry to come, please put that in, sir. I've reckoned it will cost him as much as that, and my mind misgives me that he'll have nothing but the journey for his pains."

"But, Christian——" I took up the money.

"No, indeed, sir," he interrupted, in answer to my gesture, "I can't take it back again. Say you've given it to him yourself—any thing; or, Mr. Arnott, would you mind saying it was from a friend you couldn't name; and that at any time if he wants money bad, there's more where that came from? Nay, it'll all be his some day, what little there is of it. I know folks say I'm a skin-flint; but if I scrape and save, it's all for Master Harry. Only just enough to keep my old woman from the parish—please God to take me first—and he shall have all beside; nay, he may have it now any day if he likes."

The old man stood erect; a light came into his face and eyes as he told the one pleasant secret of his life. I looked at him with amazement while he spoke. This man I had held so cheaply—mean, grasping, selfish, not over-sober, not over-honest: I saw him transformed before me into a hero of loyal devotion. Thank God for all the hidden good he has put into our human nature!

As Christian had said, there was no time to be lost. Our country post had gone for that day, but I wrote the first thing next morning, and Harry reached my house on Wednesday. Let me spare my readers all the vain attempts he made to see his mother. She was inexorable—visit, letter, message, were equally refused. Towards the evening of the next day he was so completely prostrate, both in mind and body, that I persuaded him to lie down. He did so under my promise that I would go to White-ladies myself, see Lady Marsden, if this were pos-

sible, and bring a message of some sort from her to him. So I set forth on my errand with a heavy heart, pondering all my way across the fields what sort of an appeal I should make.

Christian met me at the door.

"O sir! it's no manner of use," he said, sorrowfully; "but as my lady hasn't said any thing about not letting you in, you'd best come up straight after me."

In obedience to this suggestion I followed the old man close up the staircase. He opened a door, announced me, and I stood at once in Lady Marsden's presence. Partly, perhaps, that I had come in out of the western sunshine, the apartment struck me on the instant with a gloom and chill; partly, too, that my eye was not prepared for the contrast between the elegant furniture of the reception rooms, and that of this favorite sitting-room. Here every object—the black oak panelling; the heavy crimson hangings, dim with age; the old-fashioned furniture, so square and formal in design; the worn Turkey carpet; the faded needle-work on the chairs, showed one and all like details of some picture painted in the darkest tones. Bright flowers, music, perfume—all that brings light and ornament into daily life, would, had they been there at all, have seemed strangely out of place; but in this room every thing was in keeping, as perfect as it was melancholy. Even its sole ornament, that group of heavy-headed dahlias on the table, only served, with its sombre colors, to add another point of gloom. Every object which the eye took in seemed as if it could tell its own story of the moaning, and the weary pacing to and fro; and even now that restless grief had its interpreter, where, through the casement by which my lady was sitting, there came the wailing of the sea—those old dreary whispers among the elms.

She half rose on my entrance, and motioned me to the chair which Christian had set; then turning her eyes again to the black shadows gathering over the sea, on which her gaze had been fixed, she seemed to wait my errand. That she knew why I was there I felt certain, so I spoke without preface or preamble. What I said I do not remember now; certainly not half of all I had intended to urge as I came along. I spoke briefly and faithfully to her. I dwelt upon her son's unextinguished affection, and, finally, I conjured her, by the love she had borne him once, at least, to return him some message. Always looking over the sea, her gaze lost in those heavy shadows, Lady Marsden spoke when I ceased speaking. She did not appear to reply to me: I thought she was only repeating some lesson she had gone over day after day to herself.

"His choice was free," she said. "It lay between his mother and that girl, who sought him for her own advantage. He chose her and rejected me: what amends can he make now if he would? Can he break off his marriage? can he put back into my life one hope he has taken out of it? No! it is past—his way and mine lie far apart: let it be so to the end."

How could I answer these unjust words? While I was thinking she turned suddenly upon me—a cold, hard gray in her face, like the gray of a rock; a stillness about her mouth and eyes which I never saw on any other living face—the stillness of an agony which had over-passed the whirlwind and the storm.

"Go back," she spoke, in a clear, resolute voice—"go back, and tell your friend"—she would not even say "my son"—"all that I have done. I have made my will, and the boy who was down here in the spring is my heir: and tell him, mind, that the child does not come into the property till he shall be thirty years of age. Say that I am returning to the Cape. I have nothing in England; there, at least, is my husband's grave. My punishment is just: I let him sacrifice his life—and for what?"

Her voice seemed to choke, but she spoke again: "Let him remember, when he is poor and wants, that his suffering is light to all he has brought on me. Have I not hungered and thirsted all these years? have I not—"

Her voice did not quaver nor break; it ceased at once, passed into the awful stillness of her face: the lips closed, white and rigid over the sentence just begun, like lips that shall never speak again. She rose abruptly, went into the room opposite, and locked herself in.

I remained standing where she had left me, as a man might do before whom had arisen a vision out of the Florentine's Inferno. There was a terror in the sight of this mother, as inexorable to herself as to her son, of this nature whose light had become darkness, and how great was that darkness! Out of such a presence I could carry back no hope. Reconciliation seemed utterly impossible. Those two divided lives must run on each to its grave, and never meet—"Never! never!" I cried, bitterly—"Never! never!" the dreary whispers caught it up: "Never! never!" echoed that wailing sea. With my lady's face still before me, and her words ringing in my ears, I went down the staircase, and re-entered the hall.

What man, even more pre-occupied than I was, but would have been spell-bound by that marvellous play of light? Through



some crimson panes in the western window a band of blood-red sunshine clove the hall in twain, and fell in fierce, concentrated splendor upon the Holbein over the chimney-piece. The dim armorials of the shield, its motto—only the one word, "Inébranlable"—shone out as distinct as if only painted yesterday. That was no picture: it was Ralph Verdun himself, who, starting from the wall mantled in blood and flame, appeared to defy the intruder, his right hand grasping his battle-axe, a cruel scorn upon his features. While I stood gazing the sun dropped down behind a cliff; the figure faded back into its frame; dark shadows swept across the hall. The house was silent as a grave. Afterwards I could remember how I had been half-conscious of an oppression in the air, a close, vapory odor, a sense of brooding heat. I was surprised to find, as I hurried from it, that the evening had become so chill.

I would fain have kept back Lady Marsden's cruel words from her son, but he would have them every one. Struck to the very soul by this last blow, he wrung my hand.

"Arthur! Arthur! I have not deserved it of her!" he said. He groaned aloud. "She is going, and I shall never see her face again. O Arthur! to-night I could wish you had not saved me from the river!"

Poor Harry! I strove to give him comfort, though I could give no hope. We sat together hour after hour, for neither of us could have slept, and I thought it kindness not to leave him to himself. We talked of his wife, his children, his parish; touched a hundred topics, but dwelt on none. Nay, we went back to our old college days; laughed over time-honored Oxford jokes; fought the bygone battles of the cricket-ground and boat-race; yet, let me try to cheat him of his suffering as I would, Marsden came back always to that one thought, "Going, and I shall never see her face again!" And thus the night wore on.

But listen! hark! We started to our feet. What cry has roused the sleeping village? what mean those confused sounds, like the voice of some great terror; murmur and din of shrieks, and going to and fro of hasty feet, whose tremor echoes that cry of "Fire! fire!"

Both springing to the window at once, we tore aside the curtains, flung the shutters back, and, merciful heavens! what a sight we saw. There, where the old house had frowned in the sunset, there rose masses of heavy smoke, of red and turbulent flame!

How we reached White-ladies I know not to this day; I only remember that Christian met us. The old man looked in Marsden's

face; his glance a dreadful answer to the question we dared not ask.

"Six miles from the engine," he sobbed. "My lady! O my lady!" And with this he seemed as if he would throw himself into the flames, but the people held him back.

How, or how long the destroyer had broken loose, no one could ever tell. Unwatched, unsuspected, it had smouldered, and crept from beam to beam, till reaching some point where its fiery tongues came forth and lapped the air, it had burst out all at once into quenchless, resistless fury. One moment I looked up at the turret chamber. I turned sick, my eyes swam, my brain reeled, as I saw the white figure clinging to the window. Well might the fierce element exult over its one chosen victim, for what could rob it now of its prey? Was not all hope barred out by those narrow casements—escape forbidden by that gulf fast swallowing up the stairs—a gulf where roared and raged the flame?

I heard Marsden's voice—a hollow, soundless murmur, such as might come from a man trying to speak under a sudden death-blow; but the crowd caught it up: "Quick! quick! there is a staircase in the turret."

A dozen of us rushed forward; we knew the attempt was perilous, the effort vain; but was it not better than standing idly by, in sight of that great horror? Even women and children, eager with this feeling, pressed on, to be rudely pushed aside. The turret stood as if it had centuries still to stand, clasped by its ivies of a hundred years. To pluck these up, tear them away like fragile weeds, was but a minute's work, and so we came upon the door—a little, low strong, door; iron-bound, and clamped into the solid masonry. It creaked, it shook to blows smote as those strong right hands had never smote before; but will it never give way? or too late, too late? A cry from the crowd comes to us; have they seen the death-glare light up those windows? Our sinews crack, our muscles strain, the sweat of agony is on every man's brow. O God of mercy! more help, more strength! Shock after shock from that living battering ram—the turret seems to reel before us—the door is beaten in.

And she whom we sought to rescue—she knew not our desperate efforts—she had no thought for herself, her peril, not even for her God. One moment, by the glare of her funeral fires, that face, so haggard, white, and wan, had risen; and as men at the foot of the guillotine have taken note of the merest trifles, so then her eye remarked the threadbare coat, took in all the stamp which narrow means and narrow cares set upon a man. The years of poverty and suffering



passed before her, and she, his mother, who had loved him—ay, loved him still beyond all words—it was she who had robbed him of his rights and kept him from his inheritance. Like a thunderbolt fell the thought that the wrong she had done would not perish with her that night—when she lay a few calcined fragments, then that instrument of her last revenge must take life and power. Full well she knew there was no flaw to make it worthless, that it was guarded with all formalities, made stringent by every jealous care. Would to God only that this cruel will were in her hand, that, casting it in the flames, she might follow gladly. But no, it was gone from her, utterly beyond her power: it could no more be revoked than a wrong done to the dead, or a curse from dying lips. The agony of that consciousness was too much: her hand unloosed its grasp, she sank down from the window to the floor, while we

were groping up the staircase. We burst open the door in the wainscot easily; the smoke rolled out, the fires roared their loud welcome to the air as it rushed in. Marsden sprang forward alone: there was a pause: it seemed as if every heart among the bystanders stood still through those few moments of suspense. Neither cheer nor shout greeted him as he re-appeared with that figure in his arms—only one deep breath drawn by all as the breath of one man—a common sigh—almost a groan of unutterable relief. The crowd fell back; he bore her through them all, a little way apart. She had not fainted, as we thought at first. Opening her eyes, she fixed them on his face.

"Mother! my mother!"

"O my son! my son!"

And at that cry—that Eureka of the heart, with crash, with uproar, and with utter ruin, the roof of the ancient house fell in.

L. F. P.

THE journal of the great African traveller, Captain Burton, will be published this spring by Messrs. Longman and Co., under the title of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa." From the same house will also be issued new books of travels, by the Abbé Domenech, Mr. John Ball, the president of the Alpine Club, Mr. R. C. Wild, Author of "The Pyrenees West and East," and Professor Hind, of Toronto, who had charge of the second expedition despatched by the Canadian government to explore the southern portion of Rupert's Land, with view to the formation of a new colonial settlement.

THE second volume of the inedited works of Pietro Giannoni, has just been published in Turin, under the title of "La Chiesa sotto il Pontificato di Gregorio il Grande," and consists of an elaborate comparison between the church discipline of his time and that of Pope Gregory the Great. Flying from the persecution called down upon him in consequence of his having written his famous History, Giannoni was captured by the Piedmontese government of his day and thrown into prison, where he wrote the present book.

THE French government has allowed the quasi-revival of *L'Univers*, under a new editorship, and with guarantees of future good behavior. The new paper, the first number of which appeared this week, is called *Le Monde*, and is under the editorship of M. Taconet. M. Louis Veuillot, the ex-director has accepted the post of administrator of railways in the Pontifical States, offered to him by M. Mirés, the great Jewish banker.

A NEW work on the subject of Dante has just appeared at Florence. It was discovered in the collections of the Vatican and consists of dialogues, written by Donato Giannotti, the friend and literary adviser of Dante: in these dialogues, the author and his friend are represented discussing various important political questions à propos of the Divina Commedia.

M. DESCHAMPS, Belgian minister of state, has just published a pamphlet which is making considerable sensation. It is entitled "L'Empire et l'Angleterre," and advocates the holding of a European congress for the revision of the treaties of 1815. These treaties, the author asserts, have two weak sides, Poland and Italy.

THE first number of a very singular periodical publication has appeared at Odessa. It is a weekly newspaper, entitled *Hamelitz*, printed partly in ancient Hebrew and partly in German, but with Hebrew characters throughout. The contents are a curious mixture of religious, political, and commercial articles, the last being the most numerous. The price of the paper is six roubles (about 18s.) per annum.

MR. FAIRHOLT is preparing to publish with notes the curious collection of ballads left by Pepys, the diarist, and still preserved at Cambridge. It is stated that the regulation imposed by Pepys, that his papers should never be examined save in the presence of a Fellow of his College, has hitherto alone prevented such a publication.

## SARDINIA'S REPLY TO FRANCE—DESPATCH OF COUNT CAVOUR.

A NOTE from Count Cavour, addressed to M. de Nigra at Paris, dated 29th February, has been published in reply to the message of M. Thouvenel to Baron Talleyrand :—

Monsieur Le Chevalier : Baron Talleyrand came yesterday to read to me a despatch which his excellency the minister of foreign affairs of his majesty the emperor of the French has transmitted to him, with the copy of an official paper which he has addressed to Count Persigny, pointing out the manner which he judges necessary to issue from a situation all the more dangerous the more confused it becomes.

In the despatch which Baron Talleyrand has just read to me, M. de Thouvenel justly thinks that the moment has arrived for every one to explain himself clearly ; for him to explain without reserve the thought of the French government, in order that the cabinet of Turin may judge for itself of the measures by which it would be most suitable to regulate its own conduct.

Not to endanger the results of the war, and to act that they should be recognized by Europe, by placing them under the sanction of international law—such is the double object which M. de Thouvenel assigns to the policy of France in Italy. He engages the Turin cabinet to associate itself to the measure by which he proposes to attain this double end, at the same time leaving us free to follow, without the co-operation of France, a different line of conduct.

Regarding the present situation as the turning-point of a historical period without any term previously marked for its duration, M. de Thouvenel believes that, above all, it is necessary to eliminate the elements of perturbation which, at home as well as abroad, might impede the regular and pacific development of the order of things prevailing in Italy. A too great extension of the territory of Sardinia, which would impose on her the task of a too laborious assimilation, appears to M. de Thouvenel the most dangerous of these elements of perturbation. According to M. de Thouvenel, Sardinia, if excessively aggrandized, would be led away by the unreflecting ardor of its new populations, could no longer direct her policy, and her centre of action would be displaced. M. de Thouvenel thinks that it is hatred to Austria which has brought towards Sardinia the populations of Central Italy ; and he consequently believes that the annexation of all these provinces would place the king's government in the necessity of choosing between war and revolution.

Influenced by these considerations the French government proposes :—

1. To accomplish immediately the annexation of the Duchies of Parma and Modena.

2. To give to Sardinia the temporal administration of the Romagnas, under the form of a Vicarait, which, according to M. de Thouvenel, would give satisfaction to the Catholics and municipal feeling of the population, at the same time respecting the high sovereignty of the Holy See.

3. To re-establish the autonomy of Tuscany, the population of which (such at least is the opinion of M. de Thouvenel) by no means shares the desire of absorbing in a more extended kingdom its noble and glorious traditional individuality.

After having explained this combination M. de Thouvenel adds, that France would engage to support it in a congress or in a conference ; that she would prevent all foreign intervention of a nature to place obstacles to the execution of this plan, in order that Sardinia, on adhering to these propositions, should have France behind her and with her.

In the contrary hypothesis, the French government would take its own interest as the only guide as regards its ulterior resolutions ; it would re-assume the independence of its policy in order to disengage its responsibility, and place itself out of the reach of all complication.

Reserving myself to treat in another despatch the arguments which have reference to Central Italy, I lose no time in making you acquainted, M. le Chevalier, with the answer which his majesty's government deems it its duty to return to these propositions, which it has made the subject of serious examination and conscientious discussion. Emanating from a government which has so many claims on the gratitude of Sardinia, and the benevolent solicitude of which, for the condition of Italy, cannot be called in question, the king's government was naturally disposed to receive these observations in the most favorable manner.

In spite of that disposition, the cabinet (whose president I have the honor to be) has come to the conviction that their realization would encounter serious difficulties, which it is beyond the power of the king's government to overcome ; and this, in consequence of the following considerations, the force of which, I hope, M. de Thouvenel will appreciate.

I do not mean to go deeply into the discussion of the propositions which have been communicated to me. Whatever objections they may present, and some of which I shall point out hereafter, it is certain that they contain a solution much more advantageous for Italy than that which we were permitted

to hope for the day after the peace of Villafranca.

The complete destruction of Austrian influence on the right bank of the Po, the exclusion of every thought of restoration, and, finally, a lay and liberal government secured to the Romagnas, are immense benefits, the importance of which we cannot refuse to admit. It is therefore, possible, that if this solution had been proposed in the month of August, it would have been accepted, if not with enthusiasm, at least without repugnance, by Central Italy.

That, however, cannot be the case at present. Sardinia may still, out of deference towards France, accept it, in as far as she herself is concerned, in order to put an end to a precarious state of things, replete with danger and opposed to her interests; but it is not doubtful that these propositions would meet in Tuscany, and in the Romagnas, the most serious difficulties, to which the king's government cannot hope to overcome.

The populations of these countries have been administered for more than eight months by a national government, which has known how to reconcile the most ardent patriotism with a remarkable spirit of moderation and prudence. That conduct, to which M. de Thouvenel is pleased to render justice in his despatch to the Marquis de Moustier, has won for the populations of Central Italy the praise of the whole of Europe. The result is that the feeling as to the rights of disposing of their own condition is strongly developed among them. It is strengthened by the assurances formally repeated by the government of the emperor, that it should never be permitted that any particular form of government should be imposed upon them by force; it has acquired an irresistible vigor since the publicity given to the four English propositions, the first two of which were accepted by France without reserve, and establish in a peremptory manner the principle of non-intervention.

With such a state of things before us, Sardinia must limit herself to transmitting to the governments of Central Italy the propositions of France, without letting them remain in ignorance of any of the motives which have led the government of the emperor, after mature reflection, to consider them as the solution most proper to secure the maintenance of peace by reconciling the interests of Italy with the exigencies of Europe. It is hardly probable that these governments, the issue of popular suffrage, should take on them the responsibility of a resolution so grave, and which pronounces on the destiny of these populations.

They insist, naturally, as they have been engaged to do by the fourth English propo-

sition, on consulting the nation, so as to obtain a manifestation of its wishes as complete and as unmistakable as possible. For that purpose they will, perhaps, adopt the means of universal and direct suffrage, as the one of which the result may be the least contested.

The communication of which I have just spoken will be made this very day either to M. Farini or Baron Ricasoli. If the French government deems it necessary to advance any arguments or considerations which are especially applicable to Tuscany or to the Romagna, I shall lose no time in transmitting them honestly, at the same time inviting them to give these arguments such a degree of publicity as M. de Thouvenel may deem fitting.

Yet I think it right to observe that if the proposition relative to the Romagna be presented in the form it assumes in the despatch of M. de Thouvenel, we expose ourselves to seeing it rejected almost unanimously by the Romagnols. On his part, the holy father would probably give it a still less favorable reception than if the absolute separation of these provinces were in question.

The idea of a vicariat, implying that of a direct interference of the court of Rome in internal administration, would encounter among the population of those countries absolute resistance. It would be impossible to make them accept it otherwise than by force. Submitted to the test of popular suffrage, that proposition would hardly meet with any favor; and on this point there can be no sort of doubt. It is, moreover, evident that the holy father would not accept this combination, however inspired it might be by the desire of saving his rights, and of not lowering the high position which he occupies in Italy. What has, in point of fact, hitherto prevented his holiness from consenting, I do not say to measures calculated to limit his sovereign authority, but even to reforms which were suggested to him by all Europe, is the fear of incurring the responsibility of acts which, though in conformity with the principles in vigor in the greater part of civilized countries, might lead to certain results contrary to the precepts of religious morality, of which the sovereign pontiff justly considers himself the supreme guardian. A very recent fact corroborates this assertion. When France desired to put an end to the occupation of Rome, she requested the holy see to form a national army like the other European powers. The Roman government replied that the holy father could not admit of recruiting, because it was repugnant to his conscience to subject a great number of his subjects to a celibacy even temporary. The institution

of a vicariat would not prevail over these scruples. The holy father, regarding himself as indirectly responsible for the acts of his vicar, would certainly not allow him the liberty of action necessary to permit the proposed plan to have any useful result. I am of opinion that France proposing to herself to secure to the holy father certain advantages, and to preserve his high political sovereignty, her object would be attained with less difficulty if the annexation were accomplished with the express reserve on the part of the king of Sardinia to negotiate with the holy see, and to obtain its assent to the new state of things by means of certain obligations his majesty would contract with it; these obligations to consist in the acknowledgment of the entire sovereignty of the pope, and in an engagement to co-operate even by force of arms in the maintenance of his independence, and to contribute to a certain extent towards the expenses of the court of Rome. According to these considerations, which cannot escape M. Farini, it is possible that, in order to obtain a more sincere manifestation of the wishes of the population, the government of the Romagna will make no express mention of the vicariat in the propositions to be submitted to universal suffrage. If, however, M. Thouvenel is of a contrary opinion, I think that M. Farini would make no difficulty in proposing the form in which the vote is to be given in conformity with the dispatch which M. Thouvenel communicated to me.

The proposition relative to Tuscany not giving rise to any misunderstanding, I abstain from making any observation on the form in which it is to be presented to the popular vote. Whatever may be the reply returned by the states of Central Italy, the king's government at once declare that it will accept it unconditionally. If Tuscany declare for the preservation of her autonomy by means of the formation of a state distinct from Sardinia, not only will it not oppose the realization of this wish, but it will frankly aid in overcoming the obstacles which such a solution might encounter, and obviating the inconvenience which may follow from it.

It will act in like manner with respect to the Romagna and to the Duchies of Parma and Modena. But if, on the contrary, these provinces again manifest in a clear manner a wish to be united to Piedmont, we cannot any longer oppose it. Indeed, did we wish to do so, we could not. In the present state of public opinion a ministry who would refuse a second demand for annexation, sanctioned by a second popular vote on the part of Tuscany, not only would no longer find support in parliament, but would soon be overthrown by a unanimous vote of censure.

In accepting beforehand the contingency of annexation, the king's government takes upon itself an immense responsibility. The formal declarations contained in the despatch of M. Thouvenel to Baron de Talleyrand render, it is aware, the dangers much more serious which it may produce. If it do not recede before them, it is because it is convinced that by rejecting the demand of Tuscany, not only the cabinet, but King Victor Emmanuel himself, would lose all influence and all moral authority in Italy, and would probably be reduced to the alternative of governing by force. Rather than hazard in such a manner the great work of regeneration, for which France has made so many generous sacrifices, the honor, and even the interest, well understood of our country, urge the king and his government to expose themselves to the most perilous chances. I venture to flatter myself that M. de Thouvenel will appreciate the motives which engage us to follow the line of conduct I have traced out, and even should he continue to believe that we are taking a wrong course, that he will kindly do justice to the sentiments which prevent us from conforming entirely to the councils which come from a government for which we are accustomed to have as much sympathy as deference. After having explained with entire frankness the intentions of the king's government, I think it my duty, before I conclude this despatch, to add some reflections on the proposal to restore to Tuscany her autonomy, to which the minister of foreign affairs of the emperor appears to attach a great importance. M. de Thouvenel fears that a too great extension of Sardinia would render the task of the king's government more difficult, and expose it to be led away by the extreme parties who would no longer find a sufficient counterpoise in monarchical traditions and in the conservative instincts of the old provinces of Piedmont. I confess that I cannot participate in these fears. If the annexation of Central Italy takes place Tuscany very probably will form the province which will strengthen the conservative and liberal element the most. The constitution of property, the morals of the inhabitants, and their distinguished traditions concur in giving in that country a marked superiority to the national opinions of the moderate party. The events of 1848, and still more those which have occurred within the last year, prove that the great majority of the Tuscans know how to unite warm patriotism with a sentiment of well-declared order; and, consequently, if they are united to us they will strengthen our constitutional edifice in place of weakening it. Would the annexation of Tuscany have a greater inconvenience, and would it



present more danger with respect to our foreign policy? I would not dare to contest it if we had only to choose between annexation or the restoration of the dynasty of Lorraine.

If this solution were realized, Austria would certainly accept it without difficulty, and it would immediately receive the sanction of Europe. But a prince, freely elected, will meet the same opposition at Vienna, and will excite more objections at St. Petersburg, and at Berlin than King Victor Emmanuel himself annexing Tuscany to his dominions. If, therefore, a prince were imposed on the Tuscans against their will, great interior difficulties would be created at home without any compensation as regards foreign policy. In my opinion, therefore, the re-establishment of an autonomy in Tuscany presents no advantage, but it may produce serious complications and great inconvenience. A throne surrounded with liberal institutions, which would have neither the principle of legitimacy nor that of a popular voice to support it, would be without roots and without aid. The ultra-conservative party, and that fraction of the clerical party which confound the interests of religion with those of divine right would oppose it to the death. The same may be said of the national party, which certainly will not abandon the idea of annexation. Who would defend it? The partisans of municipal ideas. But those are few in number, and they are diminishing daily, for ideas follow each other everywhere, and particularly in Italy, in a contrary current to municipal interests. Without friends, and in presence of determined adversaries, the new sovereign, however great his personal merit, would be shortly reduced to absolute impotency. It may be objected, perhaps, as I have already observed, that Tuscany possesses conservative elements. I will reply to that objection that the Tuscans are moderate without being apathetic or indifferent, and that the parties there, although not extreme, profess, nevertheless, decided opinions. Now a government which finds itself in contradiction with the principles of all parties would be certain of meeting an opposition, if not violent, at least very determined. But the internal opposition would not be the greatest danger which would menace the government of Florence. Its feebleness would infallibly attract to Tuscany the ardent spirits, the violent men of all parties in Italy. This country would shortly become a revolutionary focus, dangerous even for neighboring countries. Thanks to these foreign elements, legal opposition would be transformed into violent and subversive opposition, and would place, after some time, the sovereign between a revolution and a

*coup d'état*, supported by a foreign force—a fatal alternative, which, by profoundly altering the character of a national movement, would be for Italy the source of incalculable woes.

I earnestly desire that M. de Thouvenel would be so good as to take into consideration these observations on the project of constituting Tuscany into a separate state. Whatever judgment he may pass upon it, the reasons I have given will at least prove to him that we cannot become the supporters of the solution which he proposes.

Be so good as to read and leave a copy of this despatch with his excellency the minister of foreign affairs. I avail myself of this occasion to offer the renewed assurances of my distinguished consideration.

C. CAVOUR.

From The Economist, 10 March.

#### COUNT CAVOUR'S DESPATCH.

Of all the state-papers which the Italian question has produced in such abundance, by far the most masterly is Count Cavour's reply to M. Thouvenel's despatch recommending to Sardinia to refuse to annex Tuscany to the Sardinian crown, and to be content with governing the Romagna as the vicar of the pope. A more complete reply it has seldom fallen to our lot to read. Fortunately, however, it is not a mere logical superiority which Count Cavour has attained over the French government; he has succeeded in placing it in a position in which it will be extremely difficult to abandon Sardinia to the mercy of Austria, even should Tuscany be annexed, as still seems highly probable.

M. Thouvenel's despatch had, as our readers will remember, for its object to explain to Sardinia the terms on which alone the emperor would guarantee Northern and Central Italy against the intervention of any other power. In case, he said, Sardinia would refuse to annex Tuscany and leave the Tuscans to choose their own ruler,—in case the king would consent to govern the Romagna as the pope's vicar,—in that case France would permit the annexation of Modena and Parma,—if the popular vote declared in its favor,—and would guarantee this solution against the interference of other powers. If Piedmont would not consent to these concessions,—then the emperor would feel liberated from all obligations to support her,—would devolve the responsibility of defending her new territory on Sardinia herself,—and the emperor would reserve to himself full liberty to act in the matter as the interests of France and France alone should dictate. This threat, which was no doubt the most formidable of all arguments, was



not unaccompanied by a show of argument. It was especially stated that the Tuscan party favorable to annexation were favorable to it only from their hostility to Austria, and that to accept their aid would be tantamount to a menace against the Venetian possessions of Austria, which the annexationist party in Tuscany would never consent to leave unassailed. The French government urged, therefore, that only by refusing the aid of the annexationist party in Tuscany, and declining to permit annexation, could Austria be satisfied that her position in Venetia would not be attacked.

Count Cavour replies that neither in Tuscany, nor in the duchies, nor in the Romagna, shall the will of the people be questioned. If they vote annexation, the king will not, and cannot, decline to accede, but will accept the sole responsibility of that step; if they vote against annexation, he will interfere no more. To act otherwise would be to forfeit all claim to the confidence of Italy.

But, while thus quite ready to face the contingency of losing all material support from France, Count Cavour explains the situation with admirable address in a way which will render it extremely difficult for France entirely to abandon Sardinia, if Austrian intervention should be attempted. France, he says, has repeatedly pledged herself to the principle that the choice of the populations should not be thwarted. It was one of the principles involved in the four English propositions which she accepted unconditionally. All that Sardinia is now doing is to carry out that suggestion. To call the annexation of Tuscany, in conformity with the reiterated wish of the people,—should it prove their reiterated wish,—a menace against Venetia, is to forget what Tuscany would be likely to become if left to herself. It is the moderate Conservative party, as Count Cavour points out, who are so strong for the annexation to Sardinia. If they are defeated in that wish, they will not have power enough to back a prince of their own without any of the prestige of Sardinia. They would be obliged to fall back on aid from the Republican and Revolutionary party,—the more so as all the Catholics and Legitimists would hold aloof from a prince chosen by popular election. The Mazzinians could not fail to find in Tuscany, thus deserted by Sardinia, their natural home,—and neither Russia, Prussia, nor even Austria would, in all probability, look with less dissatisfaction on Tuscany under the rule of a Legitimist sovereign, than on Tuscany agitated by all the forces of revolutionary violence. Count Cavour thus shows satisfactorily that the excuse put for-

ward by France as a sufficient reason for her withdrawal of her guarantee, would certainly not be recognized as adequate by any of the European governments. The Liberal party in Prussia, as the recent debate shows, is an earnest *advocate* for the increase of the Sardinian kingdom. Russia would certainly prefer it to any alternative of popular sovereignty. And if France should draw off and abandon Sardinia to Austria solely because Sardinia annexes Tuscany,—all Europe would know that the excuse was the merest of pretences,—that her real objection was to a step which would make the Sardinian kingdom comparatively independent of French aid,—and that, so far from conciliating Europe by isolating Tuscany, France would be the only power in Europe to desire it.

And could France venture to act on her threat? We doubt it. We doubt whether the wise audacity of Count Cavour will really endanger Sardinia at all. It will certainly have some effect in liberating the ministry from the galling yoke of French advisers. Suppose the vote of Tuscany given, as,—in spite of vote by ballot and universal suffrage during Lent, in a country overriden by priests,—we trust it will be decisively given, for annexation to Sardinia. Suppose the duchy annexed, and Austria to threaten invasion to restore the archduke to his throne,—could France venture to permit it? Is it possible that even the opinion of France, much less the opinion of Europe, would permit the desertion of an ally, and the loss of all the *prestige* of liberation, on an excuse so paltry as that assigned in M. Thouvenel's despatch? Could the emperor venture to desert Sardinia simply on the ground that she had acted in accordance with the principle throughout avowed by France, though contrary to her advice, to abide by the wish of the various populations, and had thus consolidated one united kingdom in Northern Italy, instead of rejecting from the Union,—desirous though it was to enter it,—a single state divided by parties, quite at a loss how to act, or whom to choose, and smarting under the indignity with which its proffer of allegiance had been returned? Is it credible that public opinion in France or Europe, to which the emperor is very sensitive, would warrant such a course? The war could never have arisen but for France. She has already claimed her reward in the province of Savoy and Nice. Is it credible she could accept this prey, and yet abandon the ally who was acting, with far better grounds, on the same principle in Italy on which France was acting in Savoy? To us it appears simply impossible. Even should France withdraw her aid, we think Sardinia might succeed unassisted, or assisted

only by England in keeping out the intervention of Austria. But we do not think France could withdraw her aid. And we are sure that the Sardinian cabinet will now act with much less constraint, that it has ventured to accept this alternative, and to declare itself ready to act even without the help of France.

From The Saturday Review, 10 March.  
THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

THE share of the English government in the Savoy correspondence is creditable, satisfactory, and perfectly consistent with the wishes and feelings of the country. Lord John Russell was perfectly right when he denied in parliament the justice of an imputation which had been expressly repudiated by the potentate to whom it applied. It would have been indiscreet, as well as discourteous, to have given utterance to the suspicions which could not but have been suggested by the communications of different foreign ministers. Many a promise which had never been intended to be kept has been converted into a binding obligation by a judicious display of credulous confidence; and, although the English government may probably have foreseen the ultimate seizure of Savoy, no advantage could have arisen from a premature protest, which would have anticipated or disconcerted the ultimate right of indignant remonstrance. On every occasion Lord John Russell has expressed the grave dissatisfaction of England and Europe at the wanton violation of all the frothy pledges which have been volunteered before and after the Italian war. Whether the meditated act of spoliation is founded on geographical jargon, on the indefeasible rights of the republic and empire, or on the pretended wish of bought partisans, the English government is free from all participation in the guilt, and from all responsibility for impending dangers. It would have been perfectly justifiable, according to the law of nations, to have united all Europe in armed resistance to the profligate demands of French ambition; but as a war would, by universal consent, have been deemed inexpedient, it was not desirable that English diplomacy should go beyond a formal expression of disapprobation. The blue-book which records with dispassionate fidelity the successive assurances and admissions of the French ministers, constitutes a sufficient satire on the good faith of the imperial policy. Many Englishmen will find some compensation for an irritating act of injustice in the knowledge that a new cause of repugnance and jealousy has interrupted the excessive intimacy which had been established with the most unprincipled of despotic courts.

The final pretext for the meditated robbery is, perhaps, even more impudent than the previous appeals to Savoyard sympathies. It seems that the aggrandizement of Sardinia requires precautions on the part of France; and yet it is obvious to all mankind that the claim which is founded on the strength of Piedmont is only enforced in consequence of her weakness. The redistribution of power is the work of the same government which affects to take precautions against the consequences of its own deliberate acts. A year ago, without the smallest provocation, France made war upon Austria with the professed purpose of liberating Italy. The task was partially accomplished, and now it seems that the independence of the peninsula is only to be purchased by the cession of the Alpine strongholds which secure it from invasion. The unanimity with which all parties in France adopt the crime of the government is at the same time shocking and instructive. If France were, like the rest of Europe, peaceable and non-aggressive, a powerful state in Northern Italy would furnish an invaluable security against the renewal of the secular conflicts which have taken place with Austria. Savoy and Nice will be occupied, not as defensive positions, but for the purpose of intimidating and coercing Italy, and at the same time as a sop to the worst kind of national vanity. It may be hoped that Mr. Bright stands alone in his protest against all criticisms on an act of fraudulent violence, as well as in his preference of the "social freedom" of passports and police agents to the "political freedom" of England.

The prudence and vigor which the Piedmontese government has displayed in the midst of unexampled difficulties entitle even its most questionable acts to favorable interpretation. Notwithstanding verbal contradictions, which must of course be accepted as literally true, it seems certain that King Victor Emmanuel assented, on the occurrence of particular contingencies, to the transfer both of Savoy and of Nice to France. Count Cavour answers the remonstrances of the English minister by an assurance that no constraint will be exercised over the wishes of the population; but a sovereign who intends to retain all his dominions in their integrity is not likely to boast of his impartiality in a question of dismemberment. The confused language of the imperial speech probably indicates the form of pressure which is at present applied to the Piedmontese government. The refusal to allow the annexation of Tuscany would have been fortified by some pretence of reason if it had expressed the final decision of the Emperor Napoleon. The king of

Sardinia is encouraged in the appropriation of Parma, Modena, and with ostensible limitations, of Romagna; while a perfectly arbitrary line is drawn at the Tuscan frontier, in pretended deference to the scruples of Europe. Whatever dislike Austria, Russia, and Prussia may entertain to the dethronement of legitimate dynasties, an Etrurian kingdom under the influence of France would be far more obnoxious than any aggrandizement which might be conferred on Piedmont. England has repeatedly approved the measure which France professes to consider unpopular, and it is by no means certain that the annexation itself is not distinctly foreseen, or that it will not be readily accepted by the French government. It will appear hereafter whether Count Cavour is acting on a secret understanding with the Tuileries. His spirited despatch, in answer to M. Thouvenel, announces a resolution which may have been privately encouraged, as it must have been deliberately foreseen. The vote which is taken under the authority of Victor Emmanuel will, in a few days, confirm the annexation; and Tuscany, after adopting under pressure the absurd machinery of universal suffrage, will immediately proceed to return members to the parliament of Turin in a manner less unworthy of the freedom and dignity of the country. When the amalgamation is completed, France, instead of attempting to undo an irrevocable act, will proceed to appropriate the price of her connivance and previous assistance.

The efforts of England will perhaps be most profitably directed to the maintenance of Swiss independence. It is difficult to oppose the cession of a province which may be voluntarily abandoned, but treaties and general expediency point to the necessity of placing the Alps under the guardianship of a neutral power. There is something shocking in the transfer of a free population to the control of an irresistible despotism. The liberties of Switzerland are genuine and real, although they often assume a harsh and prosaic form. If the southern shore of the Lake of Geneva is incorporated into the empire, all the south-western cantons of the federation will exist at the mercy of France. The annexation of the Transalpine provinces of the Piedmontese kingdom to the most peaceable of republics ought to re-assure the timidity which apprehends a future invasion of France by the Simplon and Mont Cenis.

Twenty years ago, the outrage which is now scarcely felt as startling would have been deemed impossible. The memory or tradition of the great war still impressed on the minds of statesmen the paramount necessity of uniting to keep French ambition

within bounds. The much-abused treaty of Vienna, was framed as a safeguard against dangers which, after the lapse of nearly half a century, are once more becoming appreciable. The impossibility of enforcing its provisions arises, not from their unsoundness, but from the unavoidable disruption of the great European alliance. The diplomatic combinations which were effected by irresponsible governments become impossible when the great mass of a nation interferes in its own foreign policy. Notwithstanding a community of interests between the two powers, public opinion in England has been long, and with good reason, unfriendly to the Austrian domination in Italy. The emperor of the French acted on his knowledge of English sentiment when, looking round him for a theatre of war, he discovered the opportunity of a single-handed contest in the plains of Lombardy. As long as Austria hopes to retrieve her reverses, no cordial alliance can be formed between the two states which are most disposed to suspect and resent French ambition. All the influence of England in Italy ought to be employed in support of Piedmont, and some time must elapse before the Court of Vienna discovers that its natural enemy is also the restless and oppressive patron of Turin. The inevitable attack on the independence of Belgium will perhaps once more bring a coalition into the field. It would have been more economical and satisfactory to interpose a peaceable veto on the annexation of Savoy and Nice, but the Emperor Napoleon has satisfied himself that combined resistance is impossible, and there is little doubt that he will consummate his scheme of perfidious violence.

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From The Saturday Review, 10 March.

#### THE CHARACTER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It is hardly possible for persons engaged in politics to attach too much importance to the attainment of clear ideas as to the character of the present ruler of France. Other absolute sovereigns have ministers more absolute than themselves. He has not even an adviser in whom he reposes confidence. The Foulds and the Billauts, the Walewskis and the Thouvenels of the hour, are mere clerks, who originate nothing, and who only affect the policy of the French government by carrying out the instructions which they receive with more or less zeal and good faith. But to attain these clear ideas is no less difficult than important. A foreigner finds it very easy to arrive at tolerably just conclusions with regard to most of our public men, if he only avoids *cliques* and mixes in well-informed society. This is not so in France.

The class which corresponds to the few thousands amongst ourselves whose impressions, propagated through the press, through the debates of Parliament, and through conversation, give the tone to public opinion, is composed of men who have been vanquished and set aside; and it is so bitterly hostile to the emperor that it is quite impossible to give the same weight to its views on this subject as it would be right to do on matters where passion was less concerned. The praises of the official world are, from obvious reasons, quite undependable, and the persons who knew Louis Napoleon in this country before any political sympathies or antipathies were aroused by his name, appear, so far as we have had an opportunity of judging, never to have taken him *au sérieux*. The views of these various classes, however, checked by each other and by the study of his works, are the only means which we have of arriving at the conclusions which we are about to state. This being understood, we purpose to sum up very briefly what we have come to think about him.

Louis Napoleon, then, is neither so bad nor so able as is currently supposed. "It is his fate," said one who knew him well, "to be always misconceived. People used to think him a *cretin*, and now they think him a god." As we turn over page after page of his writings, we are compelled to admit that he has ideas and aspirations which are, to a certain extent, reflected in his policy. True, the ideas are often wrong-headed, while the policy is dyed deeply with self-interest and a low kind of expediency; but he is not a vulgar tyrant of the old-world type. With regard to his intellect, the *mot d'énigme* was hit on by a statesman who served him before the *coup d'état*, who, speaking lately of the sudden turns of his policy, observed, "Il ne sait pas la différence entre rêver et penser." [He does not know the difference between dreaming and thinking.] He carries out his projects with great prudence and coolness; but he devises them in the spirit of an enthusiast. Hence arise strange contradictions. The fire and the water meet, and the whole vanishes in vapor. It was thus that his dream of Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic melted away in front of that grim Quadrilateral. It was thus that his design of raising Hungary in rebellion, and avenging on Austria the wrongs which she had inflicted on his uncle, disappeared before the shadow of a coming coalition. Louis Napoleon is a sufficiently acute man to have foreseen both the difficulties of the Lombardo-Venetian campaign and the possible complications which might have resulted from an insurrection on the Danube; but his imagination was powerfully affected

by the picture which it called up, and reason was silent till he was face to face with possible disaster.

No one has ever called him bloodthirsty. He does not even appear to be vindictive. The expressions which he makes use of in his works with regard to his enemies are not particularly strong. He has always shown marked civility to those who were kind to him in his exile. Even amongst people who habitually spoke of him as *fourbe* and *coquin*, we have always heard him described as a man who would rather do anybody a good turn than a bad one. He appears to have been really affected by the carnage of Solferino, as well as awed by the tremendous magnitude of the conflict. It is impossible not to sympathize more with him than with the legitimate and hereditary oppressors of mankind—with the Hapsburgs or the Bourbons.

Amidst a whole nation of talkers, Louis Napoleon is silent. Conscious of his inability to cope in argument with many even of those about him, he listens quietly to what they have to say, and follows in the end his own intuitive decision. This power of holding his tongue has done him very good service. It deepened the impression of his stupidity, which threw his adversaries off their guard; and, now that his reputation for ability is gained, he seems to the vulgar—

"A statesman of consummate mind  
Solving an ancient problem—"

at times when it is no disparagement to his merits to say that he only "*fait le mouton qui rève*."

Again, he has that first and most important requisite for success—he has convictions. He entered France after his long exile, not only with a keen eye to his own interest, but with a ready-made budget of opinions on every subject. The ideas of the

"Doctoren, Magister, Schreiber, und Pfaffen,"

amongst whom he found himself, were a thousand times more sane, but then they were not held with the same undoubting firmness of belief. What gives Mr. Bright the power which he has in our own House of Commons? Is he really so much superior in intellect to the men who sneer in silence at his fervid half-truths? We venture to think not; but then, in the midst of a sceptical generation which is but too apt to believe that "there is nothing new, and there is nothing true, and it don't signify," he clings to his narrow creep with a zeal worthy of the catacombs. Open the published writings of Louis Napoleon, and lay them side by side with those of any one of the personages who were conspicuous when the Revo-



lution of 1848 burst upon Europe. Is this the political philosopher who was to eclipse De Tocqueville? Is this the declaimer who was to silence Montalembert? Is this the statesman before whom the wisdom of Guizot was to be turned into foolishness?

There is one fact which many of the critics of the French emperor either do not know or do not sufficiently keep in mind. He very rarely occupies himself with details, but, after sketching the broad outlines of a plan, leaves all the execution to subordinates. Now, it very often happens that these subordinates have views diametrically opposed to those of their master; and although they dare not openly show their dissent, it is far from difficult, by a little skilful application of the art "how not to do it," to contrive to get their own way in the end. Hence Napoleon III. seems not unfrequently to be playing a double part, while his conduct is only in so far blamable that he does not look with adequate care into the proceedings of his servants. He is by no means a laborious ruler. A considerable portion of his day passes in absolute inaction—an inaction which is certainly not without its results, for many of those projects which have astounded Europe have had their origin in his hours of listlessness. It would be easy to quote instances of the way in which this despotic ruler is sometimes thwarted by his ministers, who, by giving the utmost extension to the maxim, "surtout point de zèle," and by executing the letter rather than the spirit of his orders, put him from time to time in an absurd position.

It is impossible not to recognize in him a sufficiently common type—that, namely, of the man who has spent his best years amidst the dissipation of great cities, and who has arrived at the turning-point of life full of cynical contempt for mankind, tempered only by a good-natured conviction that "the wretches are as good as it is their nature to be, and that he is not much better himself." He showers decorations and money upon all sides with a faith in human baseness that is very edifying. To some one who remonstrated with him upon attaching a salary to the dignity of senator, he said, smiling, "Ah, trust me, I know my countrymen."

Numerous anecdotes which are current in Paris would seem to indicate that he understands as well as any one else the character of the people by whom he is surrounded. It is said, for instance, that one of his most honest advisers, on taking leave of him, after attempting to dissuade him from some unwise act, ventured to say, "Adieu, sire, vous serez vendu par Fould, jugé par Troplong, et pendu par Magnan." ["You will be sold by Fould, judged by Troplong, and hung by Magnan."]

We constantly hear people remark, when the possibility of a war with England is discussed, "Oh, Louis Napoleon will never go to war with us—it is not his interest to do so." Such reasoners do not attach nearly enough importance to the chimerical element in his character. A man who has so strong a belief in destiny, and is so superstitious, is not to be depended upon for a moment. We cannot persuade ourselves that he has a deep and settled purpose of attacking this country, though for that opinion we could quote the very highest authority. "Be sure," said to us the man whom we should be disposed to call the first of living French prose writers, "be sure, that sooner or later he means to try to avenge Waterloo;" and another person hardly less remarkable, deeply hostile to the imperial government and very friendly to this country, remarked, speaking of the chance of an invasion, "It would be a great risk, but if I were he, I would make the attempt."

What we believe his objects to be, we hope to point out next week. For the present, we will only say that what strikes us as so very alarming is, that he brings to the execution of his plans a total indifference to means. A more profoundly unscrupulous man does not exist. It is wonderful how much can be done, even in private life, by one who, possessed of sufficient discretion to avoid the snares of the law and the pit-falls of public opinion, gets rid, at the commencement of his career, of that expensive luxury—a conscience. Place such a man in high place in revolutionary times, and he will play on the world's great theatre the same part which is so often enacted successfully on a humbler stage.

ACCORDING to the *Inverness Courier*, a manuscript History of the Gospels in the Celtic language, written as early as the tenth century, has been discovered at Cambridge, together with

other papers in the ancient Scoto-Celtic dialect. They are to be edited and published by Mr. Bradshaw.



From Once a Week.

#### PHYSICAL ANTIPATHIES.

EVERY person reckons among his acquaintances individuals who are peculiarly "touchy" upon certain points. In an ordinary way it is plain-sailing enough with them; but just venture upon certain topics and they are "nowhere" in a moment. Pressure upon some hidden mental spring makes all sorts of secret drawers of the mind shoot out suddenly, to the amazement of the unconscious operator, and he will go away with a firm conviction that there is some screw loose in that particular quarter at least. Familiar as we are with mental peculiarities of this kind, there is a parallel range of physical ones, which are generally very little known. The physician who sounds the depths of our bodies, and knows how oddly the mucous membrane of one individual behaves, and what eccentricities are shown by the epidermis of another, is aware that this "too, too solid flesh" can have fads and fancies, tastes and dislikes, and show them, too, in a manner as decided and demonstrative as though the mental instead of the grosser organs were implicated. These physical idiosyncracies sometimes put on such extraordinary features, that we fear, in relating some of them, the reader will think we are romancing. For instance, he will readily assent to the old saying, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" nevertheless, he will doubt our good faith when we tell him of a man being poisoned by a mutton chop. Dr. Prout, in his valuable work on the Stomach, however, relates just such a case. This individual, with a contumacious stomach, could not touch mutton in any form. It was at first supposed that this dislike arose from caprice; the meat was therefore disguised, and given to him in some unknown form, but with the invariable result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhœa; and from the severity of the effects, which were those of a virulent poison, there can be little doubt that if the use of mutton had been persisted in, his life would soon have been destroyed. Strange and irrational as this behavior may appear to be, yet it is only a rather exaggerated example of stomachic capriciousness. Some persons cannot touch veal, others are prostrated by a few grains of rice. We happen to know an individual that is immediately seized with all the symptoms of English cholera if he takes as much as a single grain of rice. Such is his susceptibility to the presence of this article of food, that the most infinitesimal portions are instantly detected. Thus, for instance, having been seized with illness immediately after drinking beer, it was discovered that a grain or two had been

introduced into the bottle for the purpose of giving it a head. Eggs are equally obnoxious to some individuals. Mr. Erasmus Wilson relates the case of a patient who was seized with a violent bowel complaint suddenly, without any apparent cause. Knowing, however, his proclivity to violent gastric irritation from touching eggs, he at once declared that he must have partaken of the obnoxious food. It could not be traced, however, until the cook acknowledged that she had glazed a pasty, of which he had partaken, with the white of an egg.

Shell-fish is well known to disarrange the digestive organs of some people. We happen to be acquainted with a lady who unfortunately partook of a lobster-salad for supper at a ball with the inconvenient result of almost immediately breaking-out into a rash over the face, neck and arms. For this reason mussels, shrimps, and cockles cannot be touched by many individuals. In order to understand the immediate and extraordinary effect thus produced upon the skin in consequence of partaking of food irritating to the stomach, we must inform our reader that the lining of the whole digestive apparatus is only a continuation of the epidermis. Let us imagine a double night-cap, one end of which is thrust into the other, and we have at once the true idea of the relation the epidermis, or outside skin, has to the mucous membrane, or inside skin, which lines the stomach and intestines. With this explanation, it is easy to understand how it is that an irritating poison coming in contact with the stomach immediately tells its tale on the fair shoulders of the ball-room belle.

Results equally distressing, if not so unsightly, are produced in some individuals without the introduction to the stomach of articles of food or medicine. Floating particles in the air are sometimes sufficient to produce all the symptoms of spasmodic asthma. We once knew a dispenser who could not stop in the room with an unstoppered bottle of ipecacuanha. Even if it were opened thirty or forty feet away out of his sight, he was instantly aware of the fact, in consequence of the sudden seizures to which he was liable. We have heard of an old lady, residing in Holborn, who at times was subjected to sickness and vomiting in the most sudden and unaccountable manner. At last her physician, suspecting some atmospheric influence, made inquiries, and found out that a room on the ground-floor, at the back of the house, was used as a dispensary, whence the emanations from the ipecacuanha penetrated to her apartments on the second-floor front.

There is a very distressing complaint, popularly known as the hay-asthma, which

affects a certain small proportion of the population. At the season of hay-making, these individuals are suddenly seized with what appears to be a very bad influenza—running at the nose, sneezing, coughing, and in some cases a most violent irritation of all the mucous surfaces, the eyelids, and the air-passages, and the nose swelling in the most extraordinary manner. We have seen individuals quite blind for a time from this cause. Persons so affected can only find relief by immediately retreating from the vicinity of the hay-fields. The Duke of Richmond, for instance, who is particularly susceptible to the influence of hay asthma, retreats every hay-making season to Brighton, to avoid his well-known enemy. Floating vegetable particles of the seed of the grass are the cause of this extraordinary affection. That these travel a long distance is clear, inasmuch as persons susceptible to their influence feel uneasy even within a mile or two of hay-fields. We know a gentleman, living in the Bloomsbury district, who is rendered very uneasy in the hay season when the wind is from the north or north-east, but is quite well when it shifts to the west. The explanation of this circumstance lies in the fact, that the open fields where hay is made lie so much nearer to him in the former direction than in the latter, the intervening mass of houses toward the west acting as a kind of disinfectant as far as his own peculiar susceptibility to hay emanations are concerned. There are animal emanations, however, which appear to affect some almost as energetically as these vegetable ones. The atmosphere of cats, for instance, is intolerable to them. We have heard of a military gentleman who would sometimes become suddenly and violently agitated during dinner, so much so that his speech left him, and he seemed on the verge of an apoplectic seizure. His friends, however, knew what this meant, and immediately began searching for the cat, which was sure to be found in some part of the room, although before unobserved. To other individuals the presence of rabbits is equally obnoxious, they seem to catch cold merely from going near them, and all their symptoms are greatly augmented if they happen to stroke them down. We have lately heard of two individuals of the same family who are affected in the same manner from the same cause: some people we know cannot sit in the same room with a cheese, others are obliged to retire before the presence of cooked hare.

Mr. Nunn, one of the surgeons of the Middlesex Hospital, who has given some very curious instances of idiosyncracies with respect to food and medicine, in the *British Medical Journal*, states that he has found

that honeycomb has produced in a patient swelling of the tongue, frothing of the mouth, and blueness of the fingers; that figs produced formication of the palate and fauces, and that the dust of split peas have the effect, upon some persons, of hay-fever. A very singular example related by him of the effect of touch, is that of a gentleman, who could not endure the sensation produced by the handling of a russet apple. We have been informed of another singular instance of the excitability of the epidermis. For instance, a lady who immediately cries involuntarily on the addition of any mineral acid to the water in which she is bathing her feet; and of a gentleman in whom a severe attack of spasmodic asthma is immediately induced by the application of cold water to his instep.

We have hitherto dwelt merely upon certain idiosyncratic susceptibilities to certain articles of medicine, food, and animal emanations. The disease, spasmodic asthma, just alluded to, as to its effects is so nearly allied to many of those related, that there can be no doubt they arise from a common cause, irritating particles floating in the air, or atmospheric influences. A man goes to bed perfectly well, and awakens in the night with a difficulty of breathing, which threatens to suffocate him; after a while it goes off, but if he remains in the same place he is always liable to a recurrence of the fit. Dr. Hyde Salter, who has devoted much attention to this capricious disease, gives it as his experience that change of air, as in hay-asthma, is the only cure for this distressing complaint. As a general rule, those persons who are affected in pure country air, invariably find relief, or rather complete immunity from attack, in the moist air of dense cities, whilst city asthmatics will become instantly well in the dry, pure air of the country. Dr. Salter relates a most singular couple of cases illustrative of this extraordinary capriciousness. One patient could only breathe in Norwood, the other only in London. If the one who could live at Norwood attempted to go to London, he was invariably stopped by a seizure of asthma at Camberwell Green. If, on the other hand, the patient who was exempt in London, attempted to go to Norwood, he found Camberwell Green the limit of his journeying—if he passed this his enemy immediately attacked him. Camberwell Green was their joint difficulty, and will remain so to the end.

Many persons who come up from the country for the "best advice" for this complaint, find that in town they suddenly lose their asthma, and are somewhat disappointed that they cannot show their doctor the effect of a fit upon them. In many cases, however,

they learn that the true doctor is city air—the worst city air, moreover, is generally the best for them. Thames Street atmosphere is particularly efficacious, and some even pick out the foggiest, densest, foulest lanes of Lambeth or Bermondsey as to them the balmiest, most life-giving of neighborhoods. There are more extraordinary instances of idiosyncratic susceptibilities on the part of the air-tubes of some persons than even those examples would imply. For instance, some asthmatics can live at the top of a street in perfect health, whilst at the bottom of the same street they seem to be at the last gasp. We happened to know of a patient, who is more dead than alive at the top of Park Lane, but recovers immediately at the bottom of the same street; and Dr. Watson tells us, that he had an asthmatic patient who could sleep very well in the Red Lion, at Cambridge, but could never rest for a minute, on account of his asthma, in the Eagle in the same town.

Some asthmatics, with air-tubes more capricious and difficult to please than ordinary, make it the business of their lives to travel about in search of the air best suited to them. Thus, in their wanderings, they experience every conceivable degree of exasperation of, or exemption from, their disease; possibly in some lovely spot where the patient would willingly abide as in an earthly Eden, the asthma suddenly and rudely grips him by the throat and bids him depart or die. Journeying onward he may happen to come upon some barren ridge, or possibly upon that Plutonic region, known as the "Black Country." Here the patient would hurry onward with horror and affright, but suddenly his tyrant interposes. This air suits him, it imperiously cries, and here the slave of irritable mucous membrane is but too glad to end his pilgrimage, compounding with dreary scenery and a savage people, for the perfect freedom of drawing the breath of life.

M. D.

#### NATURE OPPOSING THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

—The following passage from Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization indicates in glowing colors the obstacles which the prodigality of Nature may oppose to the progress of man:—

"Brazil, which is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, is covered with a vegetation of incredible profusion. Indeed, so rank and luxuriant is the growth, that Nature seems to riot in the very wantonness of power. A great part of this immense country is filled with dense and tangled forests, whose noble trees, blossoming in unrivalled beauty, and exquisite with a thousand hues, throw out their produce in endless prodigality. On their summit are perched birds of gorgeous plumage, which nestle in their dark and lofty recesses. Below, their base and trunks are crowned with brushwood, creeping plants, innumerable parasites, all swarming with life. There, too, are myriads of insects of every variety; reptiles of strange and singular form; serpents and lizards, spotted with deadly beauty; all of which find means of existence in this vast workshop and repository of Nature. And, that nothing may be wanting to this land of marvels, the forests are skirted by enormous meadows, which, reeking with heat and moisture, supply nourishment to countless herds of wild cattle, that browse and fatten on the herbage; while the adjoining plains, rich in another form of life, are the chosen abode of the subtlest and most ferocious animals, which prey on each other, but which it might almost seem no human power can hope to extirpate.

But amid this pomp and splendor of Nature, no place is left for man. He is reduced to insignificance by the majesty with which he is sur-

rounded. The forces that oppose him are so formidable, that he has never been able to make head against them, never able to rally against their accumulated pressure. The whole of Brazil, notwithstanding its immense apparent advantages, has always remained entirely uncivilized; its inhabitants wandering savages, incompetent to resist those obstacles which the very bounty of Nature had put in their way. In their country, the physical causes are so active, and do their work on a scale of such unrivalled magnitude, that it has hitherto been found impossible to escape from the effects of their united action. The progress of agriculture is stopped by impassable forests, and the harvests are destroyed by innumerable insects. The mountains are too high to scale, the rivers too wide to bridge; every thing is contrived to repress the human mind, and keep back its rising ambition. It is thus that the energies of Nature have hampered the spirit of man. And the mind, cowed by the unequal struggle, has not only been unable to advance, but, without foreign aid, it would undoubtedly have receded. Brazil, the country where, of all others, physical resources are most powerful, where both vegetables and animals are most abundant, where the soil is watered by the noblest rivers, and the coast studded by the finest harbors—this immense territory, which is more than twelve times the size of France, contains a population not exceeding six millions of people. Professor Ansted adds to this his testimony to the effect that the native Indians seem irredeemable, and sunk in the most wretched barbarism; and that there appears no prospect whatever of any improvement in the district, since man can find no spot on which to commence its operations."

From Once a Week.

# A PHASE OF THE ARCTIC MYSTERY.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, as we learn, died as early as June 11th, 1847. His ships the *Erebus* and *Terror* were beset on September 12th, 1846, in lat.  $70^{\circ} 05' N.$ , and long  $88^{\circ} 23' W.$  On 22nd April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues N.N.W. of Point Victory, King William's Island, where one hundred and five survivors under Captain Crozier landed, and on April 25th deposited in a cairn the records brought home by Captain M'Clintock.

That gallant officer, with Lieutenant Hobson, made a minute search of the whole coast of King William's Island, and on its south shore found death traces of members of the expedition, at a point exactly opposite that portion of the mainland of North America, whence the relics sent home in 1854, and now in Greenwich Hospital, had been procured; viz., Point Ogle, a cape at the mouth of the Great Fish River, and Montreal Island in its estuary.

It is impossible to rise from the perusal of Captain M'Clintock's journal, without the absolute conviction that the late Sir John Franklin's companions died the victims, less of those perils of their profession which they were naturally prepared to encounter, than of official apathy, or at least of mistaken judgment.

The following facts, arranged in order of date, are relied on to prove that this representation is correct.

It is to be borne in mind, that King William's Island lies off the west land of North Somerset, and that the silent but terribly convincing testimony of the bleached skeletons on the way, proves that from the moment of landing on Point Victory, the survivors were struggling in a death-flight for the Great Fish River.

12th Dec., 1844. "My lords" commissioners of the admiralty resolve upon another expedition by sea in search of the North-west Passage, and appoint Sir John Franklin to the command.

20th Feb., 1845. A distinguished Arctic traveller and eminent physician, Dr. King, of Saville Row, who so far back as 1835, had acquired renown as medical officer and second in command of an overland journey in search of Sir John Ross,—hearing of the proposed expedition by sea, and regarding it, to use his own phrase, as a "forlorn hope,"—addresses to the secretary of state for the colonies, Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby, a proposal for a land journey by the Great Fish River, to aid the Franklin expedition in its geographical survey.

5th May, 1845. "My lords" issue their instructions to Sir John Franklin, who sails with the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

26th July, 1845. The ships are seen in Baffin Bay, for the last time.

10th June, 1847. Dr. King writes to Earl Grey, secretary of state for the colonies, "My lord, one hundred and thirty-eight men are at this moment in imminent danger of perishing by famine;" he regrets that Lord Stanley does not entertain the proposition for a land journey by the Great Fish River, renews his proposal, shows how it can be carried out, assigns the western land of North Somerset as the position of the lost expedition, points out that if Sir John Franklin is to be relieved, it must be in the summer of 1848, and implores permission to render him "the only succor which has the probability of success."

25th Nov., 1847. Dr. King again addresses Earl Grey, Lord Stanley's successor in the administration of the colonial department: "The last ray of hope has passed that Sir John Franklin by his own exertions can save himself and his one hundred and thirty-seven followers from the death of starvation. I trust, therefore, your lordship will excuse my calling your attention to my letter of 10th June last, which is acknowledged, but which remains unanswered." Dr. King argues most ably the geographical question, and once more begs to be allowed a place in "the great effort which must be made for the rescue of the one hundred and thirty-eight men who compose the lost expedition."

8th Dec., 1847. Dr. King, for the third time, addresses Earl Grey on the subject of a new expedition, proposed by the admiralty, to search the coast of North America for Franklin, from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine rivers, with Wollaston land, opposite that coast, in 1848, and Victoria land in the summer of 1849. He also offers to go at once by the Great Fish River to Victoria land, as well as to the western land of North Somerset.

16th Dec., 1847. Dr. King acknowledges the receipt of a reply from Lord Grey, desiring him to address any application he may desire to make, to "my lords" of the admiralty. Dr. King regrets that Earl Grey should have delayed his answer from June to December, because, if any thing is to be done, it must be in progress by February. He explains that he is not "soliciting employment," but "endeavoring to induce Earl Grey to take the necessary measures for saving the lives of one hundred and thirty-eight fellow-creatures;" adding that he does not ask Earl Grey to make good the loss he would sustain by giving up his private practice and five appointments of honor and emolument—a loss which cannot be measured by a money standard, but that he "comes forward again only for the sake of humanity."

16th Feb., 1848. Dr. King writes to "my lords" repeating fully his arguments as to the western land of North Somerset, and undertaking to do in one summer what has not before been done under two; he also explains how he can do it, and again volunteers to go by the Great Fish River.

3rd March, 1848. Dr. King complains to Mr. H. G. Ward, secretary to "my lords," that he has received no reply to his letter of February 16th; states that March 15th is the latest period at which he should feel justified in starting on this expedition, and requests early information of their lordships' decision, as he will have to make arrangements to vacate his professional appointments.

3rd March, 1848. Mr. H. G. Ward is commanded by "my lords" to acquaint Dr. King, that "they have no intention of altering their present arrangements, or of making any others that will require his assistance, or force him to make the sacrifices he appears to contemplate."

18th Feb., 1850. Dr. King again urges on "my lords" the overland expedition by the Great Fish River, and is strengthened in his convictions by the unsuccessful results of the various attempts to relieve Franklin by sea.

28th Feb., 1850. "My lords" must decline the offer of Dr. King's services.

19th July, 1854. Dr. Rae, a chief factor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, engaged in completing a survey of the west coast of Boothia, writing from Repulse Bay, reports to "my lords" that on the 17th of April he has met with Esquimaux in the Pelly Bay from whom he gathered, "that in the spring four winters past (spring, 1850), a party of forty white men were seen travelling southward over the ice. . . . At a later date

in the same season, the bodies of thirty were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey N. W. of the Oot-ko-hi-ca-lik." The land is, as Dr. Rae states, Point Ogle, and the island Montreal Island, in the Great Fish River.

20th June, 1855. Mr. James Anderson, a chief factor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, started for the Great Fish River, and returned on the 17th September. He found on Montreal Island absolute proofs of the truth of the Esquimaux story as related to Dr. Rae.

*So lately as 1850, some of Sir John Franklin's party were absolutely alive upon the Great Fish River.*

We cannot venture to do more than offer the above facts to our readers. We dare not trust ourselves to comment on them. Englishman must decide between Dr. King and the successive secretaries of state and admiralty boards, who disregarded a proposal, by which it is now clear that this remnant might have been saved.

"My lords" were too official to entertain the right proposal; can they now be touched by the story of an Esquimaux woman who records the fate of the *last Arctic victim* to the "Foul Anchor"? Let them listen:—

"One of the lost crew died upon Montreal Island."

"The rest perished on the coast of the mainland."

"The wolves were very thick."

"Only one man was living when their tribe arrived."

"Him it was too late to save."

"He was large and strong, and sat on the sandy beach, his head resting on his hand; and thus he died."

VOYAGEUR.

WHEN the present Marquis of Bute attains his majority, he will be one of the most opulent noblemen of the British peerage, and equal to the Westminsters, Buccleuchs, and Breadalbanes. The following is a brief enumeration of the estates in Britain possessed by the noble lord, and the titles under which he holds them: In England, estates in the counties of Essex and Cambridge, derived through the North family; a large estate in Bedfordshire, derived through the third Earl of Bute, a large portion of which still remains; a large estate in Darham, derived through the Claverings, an heiress of which family married the last Viscount Windsor. The

collieries on this estate yield a large yearly revenue. In Wales, his vast Glamorganshire estates, derived through the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, and their representatives, the Windsors, Viscounts Windsor. In Scotland, nearly the whole Isle of Bute (tripled in its annual return, since the last thirty years), derived through a branch of the world-renowned house of Stuart, hereditary sheriffs, afterward Earls of Bute; large estates in the counties of Ayr and Wigton, derived through the Crichtons, Earls of Dumfries, and Barons Crichton, and their families, which they by marriage represented; also, some estates in Cumbriae.